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TRIFLES.







The Reconciled Sisters.

page 35.

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TRIFLES;
OR,
FRIENDLY MITES,
TOWARDS
IMPROVING THE RISING GENERATION.
Being a Collection of
Original Pieces.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"EASON HOUSE, JULIANIA," &c.

"Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction; and with them no day has been so dark as not to have had its pleasure; even pain and sickness have, for a time, been charmed away by them."
AIKIN.



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1800.



TRIFLES.

THE

Wildly-devious Morning Walk.

" O, Let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice, each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know wherever you reside,
There Harmony and Peace and Innocence abide !"

MINSTREL.

CHARLOTTE Merton was very fond of the beauties of nature ; she was an admirer of every thing which bespoke the hand of an Almighty Creator, and never was she happier, than when wandering at will ; she could walk whither her fancy led her, and which ever way she turned her eye, could

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" taste

“taste the joy of God, to see a happy world.” With these sentiments, some of her young companions thought her romantic; and if she had not possessed a good understanding to counteract it, I knew not, if she might not have fallen into that error, and like the heroines of romances, considered nothing as worthy her notice which was not beautiful: she might have been looking in every grove, and at the side of every green hill, for the shepherds and shepherdesses, or mournful damsels deploring their lost lovers; but romances were not her study—Thompson’s Seasons was the book from which she drew her notions, both of sublimity and simplicity; nor could she have had a better model, for there these objects of admiration are justly ascribed to the right author.

“Hail,

"Hail, source of being! universal soul,
Of heaven and earth! Essential presence hail!
To thee I bend this knee, to thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a master-hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd;
By thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew;
By thee dispos'd into congenial soils
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting spreads
All this innumerable colour'd scene of things."

With such sentiments as these could Charlotte err? At the first approach of spring her heart sprang within her; nor could she stay in the house longer than her various occupations kept her there; and obtaining her elder sister as her companion, on the first fine morning in May, they

determined to take a long and beautiful walk. No situation could be pleasanter than where their house stood ; which ever way they went, they could not find an unpleasant walk ; and they took the road which first met their eye ; the place they inhabited was that in which they were born ; they knew every person in it ; and every cottager, who lived in its neighbourhood, they had made their friend : “ diffusing kind beneficence around.” When any of the Miss Merton’s walked, if they did not, in the simplicity of romance, think every person they met as innocent as themselves, they were sure to find a protector in every one they knew. As they quitted the street, Charlotte said to her sister, “ I am glad you have chosen this way ; for as you have said you think this walk the least pretty of any we have, I mean to try and convince you otherwise—look on each side
of

of the bridge we are now passing—can any thing be more beautiful? the river flows through a vale, at the farthest end of which, we behold a distant wood; its banks are beautifully diversified by woods, and rocks, and the green verdure of the park crowns the whole, where so many towering trees lift their heads to the sky, and seem to rejoice in their fresh green leaves. We see the little cottage also, part of which is built like a tower, intended as an object in the view from the park, the stream losing itself in the little wood of osiers on the other side, which now looks so bright a green, while their tender branches dip into the water, and in the gardens of the town, spreading down to its banks, “fair handed spring, unbosoms every grace”—hark how the water rushes through the arch, and winding over the stones, is half hid by the brown rock hanging over it, and in that

thick wood which grows on its top, the birds sing delightfully:—"Does it not remind you of Thompson?" interrupted her sister,

—"the thrush

And woodlark o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes, when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove,
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Joined to these
Innumerable songsters in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix mel-
liferous."

"You are very good, my dear Mary, to think of this," answered Charlotte, delighted with her sister's quotation; "it is what I would have said; and can there be
a more

a more lively description of what we now hear? but I have not yet done with my picture—look at that large tree which seems to grow out of the bridge, bending over the stream, and some of its branches lying quite across it, while the water, seemingly angry at the interruption, bubbles continually among its boughs.”—

“Upon my word,” said Mary, “you are quite picturesque in your descriptions, if you can make this first beginning of our work so pretty, what may I not expect from its continuation? With the help of the book I have in my pocket, (producing the Seasons), you may make a very elaborate design; I beg you to point out every particular beauty to my view: let not one escape; and if you succeed as well as you have hitherto done in your picturing of nature, I am sure I shall like this walk, if I never have before.”—“Oh,

have

have you got my favourite work?" exclaimed Charlotte, snatching the book from her hand; "now indeed I can comply with your request, as whenever I am at a loss for expression, this will display every beauty I may wish to describe, inadequate as I am to the task." Charlotte was now about eighteen, with great luxuriance of fancy, and as strong imagination; and thus encouraged by her sister, she determined to give her ideas free scope, knowing the undisguised sentiments of her heart would not, by those who were thoroughly acquainted with her, be deemed romantic; and she continued thus:—"The hedges of the lane in which we are walking are bordered with primroses, and violets, growing amidst the twisted roots of the trees, which hang over our heads; these flowers attract the bees, whose ceaseless hum is not unpleasant, while the few butterflies already hatched,

hatched, fly from bush to bush, and sport themselves in the warm sun: we are not yet out of hearing of the murmuring stream, except when the barking of the distant dog, or the noise of the carter's whip, interrupt the sound; if you look behind you," continued she, "you will see the old farm-house, once the abode of peace and plenty; the fields around it seem to be in high beauty, and promise a plentiful harvest; the hay and corn stacks which surround it are the produce of a former year; and behind these are seen the distant hills which appear to form an half circle, in this part of the country.—Well may Thompson speak so highly of our happy island!—Don't you know the part I mean, sister?" "I believe I do," returned Mary, "though not quite such an enthusiast as you are; I am an admirer of this charming book, and perhaps can repeat more than yourself;

yourself; for you who are so delighted with every part you read, I should think did not give yourself time to observe the beauties, which may be discovered in each line, by a slow and attentive reader; but I may be mistaken; shall I repeat it? as I fancy the view at present is not such as will call your *powers* forth.”—“Ah, sister,” said Charlotte, “I fancy you are laughing at me, but remember you first encouraged me to proceed, and if I don’t describe nature with the art of Thompson, I do not think he could admire her more than I do.”—“Indeed I think so,” answered Mary, “and am pleased to see you capable of deriving pleasure from so innocent a pursuit; but now to raise your emulation—

“Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime,
Thy streams unfailing in the summer’s drought,
Unmatch’d thy guardian oaks, thy vallies float
With golden waves, and on the mountains, flocks

Bleat

Bleat numberless, while roving round their sides
Bellow the blackening herds, in hasty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe, on every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased and unwearied in his guardian toil."

"After this will you not endeavour to write, and in blank verse too?"—"Oh no," said Charlotte, "I will not be so presumptuous; you make me almost ashamed of attempting even in plain and simple speech, to describe the beauties which are continually opening on our sight, as we walk on, our ears are saluted with the sweet notes of the blackbird, or the thrush, in the thick wood with which the lane is bounded: there is room for both without either's silencing the other; but when we come to that gate, we are delighted with the view: here we see the fields

fields which are at present of so bright a green, adorned with cowslips that "hang their pensive heads;" the May blossom whitening every bush, and beyond them is a common which Cowper, another of our favourite poets, shall lend me words to describe—

"The common overgrown and rough
With prickly goss, that shapeless and deform'd,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasant ramble, there the turf
Smells fresh and rich in odoriferous herbs,
And funguous fruits of earth regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets."

"I could continue the story of Crazy Kate, just to shew you I have as good a memory as yourself, my dear sister, did I not see so many beauties before me; look at the range of hills above us, clothed with
verdure,

verdure, "on which the power of cultivation lies, and joys to see the wonders of his toil;" the winding path which ascend their sides: see also on the left hand that wood of dark green firs—what a charming contrast do they give, to the lighter hues of the trees below, while the sky is azure blue, except now and then a streak of white, which, like the sea, shows best when gently agitated; and at a distance rising over each other, the clouds appear like hills of snow, tinted with the glow of morning: as we descend, the wood before us appears to thicken, the trees rise one above another, and shoot out their young branches to the warm sun; but we shall soon reach the field," continued she, "where I think you will be delighted; between us and that rising ground is the sweetest vale you can imagine: I do not think you have ever been there."—"Never

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farther than this," answered Mary; "and I never thought the lane pretty till now; but let us continue our walk as long as we are able; if we are tired, we can rest under a tree, and if hungry, I have money in my pocket, and any of the cottagers will supply us with provisions."—"Oh, sister, I am glad to hear you propose this," cried Charlotte; "we may perhaps get to our friends the Rivers's, for this wood is in a line with their house, and there we are sure of a welcome reception."—"Very right," answered her sister; "if you think we can walk so far, we will surprise them with a morning visit,—but continue your description—we are now very near the fields."—"I cannot help stopping," answered Charlotte, "to listen to the melody of the birds, warbling so sweetly in the green hedges, undisturbed by our approach: look at this little cottage at the

end of the lane—how quiet are its inhabitants. On the opposite bank are placed some bee-hives, perhaps the chief support of the family within, who, like the winged household these contain, may be gone to their daily labour in the fields, “no stones beneath its humble thatch requires a master’s care.” “Perhaps,” said Mary, “some sick or old person, incapable of work, may be within.”—“There is no one here,” said Charlotte, gently lifting up the latch; see how neat the house looks—their clean platters on the shelves, and the brick floor so nicely washed: nothing is left at home but the careful hen, who, clucking round the door, is followed by her chicken, whom she calls to partake of every grain which had before escaped their notice:—but look at that man with his horses toiling up the steep field, at the edge of the wood before us, with the heavy roller.”—“Do you

know the use of that roller?" asked Mary; "for I would not have you ignorant of what the common plough-boys would inform you, and which you may have seen every summer." "I believe," answered Charlotte, "it is drawn over the field when the grain is just above the ground, to prevent its growing too high, and so expending itself during the first heats of summer, before the roots are strong enough to support it." "I am glad you have not confined your studies to poetry alone," said her sister; "for I assure you a knowledge of agriculture, to those who walk so much as we do, is highly necessary. Now then we are in the field," added she,—"what is that noise I hear?"—"It is the working of the mill in the vale below," said Charlotte:—"see the curling smoke ascending from the top of the chimney, which is all we can at present see of the house.

house. Look at the innocent sheep which are browsing on the edge of the common ; even the tinkling bell, which the old one wears, adds to the pleasure I feel,

“ Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirits, and restore
The tone of languid nature.”

Again the beautiful wood on the opposite side attracts our attention ; but let us descend, and sitting on the banks of the river observe its course.—What a charming meadow ! and the stream so clear which winds along it—what a noise, even when the mill is not at work, does the natural falls it meets with in its course, occasion ! as it washes the roots of the trees, which grow on its banks, and curling round the smooth pebbles, intermixt with the sand on which it runs, murmurs as it flows.

The house is half hid behind the trees, and situated as it is, seems removed from observation. What a happy life the miller leads ! while he sees his wheel go round, he heeds not the wheel of fortune. In some parts of the stream it is so shallow, I am almost tempted to walk across it, and enter the wood on the other side ; but then the opening prospect of this “ long-withdrawing vale,” and the cultivated lands on either side, promising food to the anxious husbandman, would be lost to my view. The tufts of trees which adorn the park, and the cottages interspersed, give variety to the scene, and beauty to the whole. On the other side of us a young wood is growing up to emulate the opposite one, and the lovely green with which it is enlivened, is a charming contrast to the darker hue of the fir trees we have before noticed ; while the bright beams of the sun playing on the
falling

falling waters, add a lustre to the stream beyond the pencil, or the pen to describe."

"Upon my word," said Mary, "I wish I had my pocket-book, as well as Thompson with me, for then I could write all the remarks you have made, and at our return read them to Lucy and Emma—I am sure they would be delighted with it, and it might induce them to enter into a scheme I have just thought of, which is for us to take a bag of provisions, and another of books, and work, and spend a whole day in one of these pleasing rambles.—What do you think of it?"—"Oh it would be delightful," answered her sister: "I hope we may put it in execution! How charming to sit and read under a tree, while the others work! I wish they were here now, but we must bring them to make their own observations; a repetition of mine would not, I believe, afford them ~~or~~ you much pleasure,

pleasure, my dear sister ; but let us continue our walk : still I do not like to leave this beautiful meadow ;—look how the ground is covered with buttercups and daisies, which almost hide the enamelled grass from our sight ; its upper end seems lost in wood, over which the blue hills are distinctly seen. Nearer the house we cross the river, and ascend a rocky lane, which separates the wood from the fields. Here murmuring rivulets carry their little rills to the stream below : the hollow caves which are cut out of each side of the lane, with their entrances overshadowed by trees, recall to our minds, tales of hermits and holy men, who, it is said, used to reside in such places, while the broken fragments with which the road is bestrewed, makes us almost fear, lest more should fall while we are passing ; as even the gentle wind which now blows, causes such an hollow

hollow noise in the wood above, that while it sounds so dreary through this lane, we could almost fancy a tempest was arising. Behind us how beautiful is the view! a part of the mill-house is seen, and above that, the high field we crossed to reach the meadow; beyond which the common appears, where the thoughtful cow chews the cud and ruminates. At length we reach the height, and a gate at the top leads us to an opening, but the prospect from hence, none but the pen of Thompson can describe—

“ Meantime you gain the height from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around,
And snatch’d o’er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant fields, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom’d soft in trees,
And spiry towns, by surging columns mark’d
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams!”

“ These

"These are beautiful lines," said Mary, "and very expressive of our situation; and is not this lane we are now in, like the rural walk Cowper describes? I must have my extract also—

"For I have lov'd the rural walk thro' lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropt by nibbling sheep
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs, have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, thro' vallies, and by rivers brink."

"Exactly so," said Charlotte; "and what a sweet pretty lane this is, where the ground is so irregular, that we often catch a glimpse of the same charming prospect we have so much admired—the trees and yellow furze blossoms enliven the hedges, while the embryo eglantine and woodbine dare not yet appear; the wild orchis, and various of the botanic tribe decorate its sides,"

"With

"With such a liberal hand has nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds
Innumerable, mixt them with the nursing would
The moistening current, and prolific rain."

As we walk forward, we enter upon the common from whence the long range of downs are seen, and adorned with villages, whose humble spires scarce appears above the trees, which shade their sides and the various dales, which render these hills still more beautiful, as these are to the very height richly clothed with shrubs, and budding trees. See the shadows quickly descending down their green slopes, till the sun again appearing from behind a partial cloud, chases them away: the various plantations at their feet all attract our ceaseless admiration; and we only wish for our friends to enjoy the charming prospect with us."—"But what a waste of land is here," said Mary; "it seems a
pity

pity when corn is so dear, that so much ground should be uncultivated: the whole way we see is common, and the only verdure, except on the hills, the furze. "We could almost fancy ourselves in a barren and desert place," continued Charlotte; "such an extent of heath spreads around, did we not behold on its boundaries two or three small cottages, and the few cattle which are feeding on its scanty pasturage. At length we reach the brow, and the village street appears; still we have many fields to cross before we reach our friend's house, which is situated at the upper end, and much nearer the downs: but the walk has not yet tired me—how are you, my dear sister?"—"I am delighted with this view," said Mary, "and must continue if it was still farther than it is. We are sure the Rivers's will be glad to see us, and there too we may get something to eat; for to tell

tell you the truth I am more hungry than tired." "The fields we have now to pass," said Charlotte, "and the prospect from them is so nearly like what we have already admired, that I need not detain you long, to point out the beauties of it: yet this little wood, it is rather out of our way, but the cowslips grow there in such numbers, that we must go through and pick a few."

Mary was as ready as herself, and passing over some fields on the other side, they entered Mr. Rivers's house just as the family were preparing for dinner. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Charlotte, "how long we have been walking! it is now near three o'clock, and we left home at nine."

The Miss Rivers's enquired which way they came, and on hearing their account, quite envied them their walk: Mary's scheme of passing a whole day in that manner was a charming thought; and they

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were

were all desirous of joining the party. When they had dined with their friends, the two travellers returned home by a shorter way, and their walk was again recounted with all the various prospects they had seen, till their sisters who were left at home, became as eager as themselves to prosecute the plan proposed. An account of which we may hereafter describe, at present we leave our young rambles to recover their fatigue.



THE
RECONCILED SISTERS.

"A more glorious victory than this cannot be obtained, that when the injury began on his side, the kindness should begin on our's."

"COME, mamma," said Maria, "let us go for a walk; it is a very fine evening, and besides I have many things to say to you." "Are we to walk alone then?" asked her mother—"where are your sisters? let us have their company." "No, mamma," answered the little girl, "they are very happy altogether in the garden, and let us leave them: I wish to walk with

you alone.” “And do you not wish to be with them? if they are all together, why are you absent from them?” said Mrs. Danby. “I don’t know,” replied Maria, “I am afraid I should only spoil their mirth; besides, I like best to be with you; when I am with them, they look strange upon me.” “Well then, we will go into the fields,” said her mamma, “and there, as you say you have something to talk to me about, I will also tell you a few of my sentiments.” Maria fetched her mamma’s hat and cloak, and while pursuing their walk, the following was their conversation:—

Mrs. Danby.—“I have a long time observed, my dear Maria, that you are not so often with your sisters as I could wish.—What is the reason I see you always by yourself? This is not the disposition of a good-

good-natured child, who loves to be happy, and see others so."

Maria.—"Ah! that is the very thing I wanted to talk to you of—I wish to make others happy, but I cannot succeed; my endeavours seem always to have a contrary effect."

Mrs. Danby.—"Then depend upon it you have not chosen the right method; for a person who wishes to please, seldom fails.—Why do you sigh?"

Maria.—"Because, mamma, I am afraid I am an exception to that rule; I should feel happy if when I have learnt my lessons, written my theme, and received your approbation, I could run out in the garden with my sisters, and join their play; but the moment I appear among them, the

game ceases; they separate and walk off, arm in arm, laughing and joking among themselves: 'tis true they receive my advances with civility, and in so doing, think they have performed their duty, and I can have no cause of complaint; their mirth is over, and—but I am hurting you, mamma?"

Mrs. Danby.—“No, my dear; a child has no one but its mother to whom to speak its griefs, and it is a mother's duty to hear impartially, and judge of each side the question.”

Maria.—“Will you then talk to my sisters on this subject?”

Mrs. Danby.—“Yes; but it shall not be to find fault with them; I will ask the reason you are not with them when at play,
and

and according to their answers I can judge between you."

Maria.—" I am not afraid of this judgment, my dear mamma ; for though no doubt you will discover errors on both sides, I know you are impartial, and can readily submit to your decision."

Mrs. Danby.—" Do you not endeavour to raise yourself in their opinion, by saying, ' I have done so and so better than you,' or by being too well satisfied with yourself ?"

Maria.—" I do not think that can be the case, mamma, if when I reflect on my own conduct, I feel all within me very comfortable ; yet I cannot be satisfied while I see those I love, and would wish should love me, so indifferent to my company,

pany. They will now and then walk with me, one at a time, and this attention is looked upon as a sacrifice to civility, when I would wish them to feel a pleasure in my society, as well as in their own: I want them not to love me better than the rest of my sisters, but as well."

Mrs. Danby.—" Perhaps you do not endeavour to gain their love."

Maria.—" Dear mamma! I acknowledge I may not have found the right method, but I am sure I wish for it; there is no task which they find difficult I do not offer to assist them in; and though I may not know better than themselves, I can only tell them what I know. There is not a plant in my garden they are not welcome to a part, nor a book which I have, which is not at their service. Every thing I have
given

given to me, I would share with them, if they would accept of it; but this to me is another proof of their want of affection;—they will seldom allow me to assist them either in their difficulties or pleasure—What can be the reason?”

Mrs. Danby.—“Do not call it want of affection, my dear child; I cannot fancy my children do not love each other—that would indeed be a painful reflection.”

Maria.—“It was too harsh an expression, mamma; I know they would be very sorry was any sort of harm to happen to me, but we have talked enough on this subject: let us go home.”

Mrs. Danby.—“I will go home with all my heart, but this subject will occupy all my thoughts till I can see it settled; I
must

must be uneasy while any of my children are so."

Maria.—" Nothing but what I have mentioned makes me;—let it not vex you, my dear mamma, for when alone I am happy, and thus I endeavour to reconcile it to myself; I wish to see my sisters happy, and I know they are so when I am not with them: and though it might be more pleasing to me to add to their happiness, if they think I cannot, it is out of my power; therefore I have determined, if I cannot give them pleasure, I will not deprive them of it: to be sure I have often thought and read of the pleasures of an united family; but since that cannot be our case, I have still a great comfort in store. If I recollect there are brothers and sisters who do not speak to each other—mine treat me with civility, and I must be satisfied, though
I may

I may be sorry they will not allow me to return it with affection."

Mrs. Danby.—" You talk like a sensible girl, and I hope act also like one; but let us go home; your sisters are still in the garden, and I cannot be at ease till I know their opinion of this matter."

Mrs. Danby left Maria in the parlour, and joined her other daughters who were at play, and seemed perfectly happy.—
" Where is your sister Maria," said she;
" I do not see her among you ?"

Elizabeth (the eldest).—" No mamma, she seldom is; she is now in her own room, I suppose, or perhaps walking in the plantation by herself."

Mrs.

Mrs. Danby.—“Come then, let us walk and find her; I do not like she should be so much alone, it does not look comfortable; but you say she seldom is with you—What is the reason of this?”

Eliz.—“I am sure I don't know—our company is not agreeable to her, I suppose.”

Mrs. Danby.—“Is her's so to you?”

Eliz.—“When she has a mind to make it so; but we don't want her company—if she does not like our's, we are very happy by ourselves.”

Mrs. Danby.—“And does she make you otherwise?”

Eliz.—

Eliz.—“One would suppose she thought so, for she generally joins us with an apology, ‘she is sorry to break up our party,’—‘sorry to stop our pleasures,’ or some such foolish speech.”

Mrs. Danby.—“You must have given her cause then to think this is the case, or she would not have fancied such speeches necessary?”

Eliz.—“Not that I know of; but what gives us pleasure, does not please her; she cannot laugh at what diverts us; if we run she likes to walk—if we have a mind to sing, she would read—and if we do not immediately do the thing she likes, she goes away by herself, saying, ‘she does not want to disturb us,’ and then you know we can enjoy ourselves our own way.”

Mrs. Danby.—“Are you as happy after she is gone, as before? Don't you sometimes think of her, and wish she was with you?”

Here they hesitated unwilling to deceive; yet hardly knowing whether they could answer in the affirmative with truth.

Eliz.—“I don't know; if she liked what we like, we might wish it: but there are many games we are of ourselves just enough to play at, and therefore we cannot want her, you know.”

Mrs. Danby.—“How do you mean? Don't you wish to see others happy and pleased as well as yourselves?”

Eliz.—“Yes, mamma; and I am sure we do all we can to please her; whenever she

she asks us to walk with her, we do; and if she desires us to read to her, we give up the company of each other, to please her."

Mrs. Danby.—"That word *give up* convinces me my conjectures were right—you none of you love her, as you love your other sisters, or why should it be thought a sacrifice to please *her*, when by amusing the rest you give *yourselves* pleasure."

Eliz.—"Sometimes she will tell us we do not love her—that 'we do not treat her kindly;' and you will own, mamma, this is not the way to gain our affection."

Mrs. Danby.—"I am sorry these affections are to be gained; I had flattered myself all my children loved each other equally. Any one of you put yourself in Maria's situation,

situation, and then see if *you* could forbear making use of these expressions, which are the only things you have to complain of, when you so severely felt the truth of them?"

Eliz.—“I don't know what you mean, mamma.”

Mrs. Danby.—“Why, did *you* think your sisters, whom you really love, did not return your regard—could you forbear telling them so?”

Eliz.—“Oh, we do not doubt each other's love; we are not of such a captious disposition.”

Mrs. Danby.—“But why do you not doubt it? because your actions correspond with your words—you each apply to the
other,

other, in every difficulty, or are called to partake of some pleasure—is this the case with Maria?—Was she to offer you assistance, would you accept it?”

Eliz.—“We do not wish to trouble her.”

Mrs. Danby.—“Ah, my dear children! believe me that is not the reason; you feel unwilling to receive an obligation from her, because she has not your friendship; it is only to those we love we will give the pleasure of assisting us,—did you love Maria, you would say to yourself ‘I should like the opportunity of obliging her, and I dare say she is happy she can do this for me.’ the same affection would also prevent your troubling her often, or unnecessarily.”

Eliz.—“I wish she would not say such ill-natured things, whenever she comes amongst us.”

Mrs. Danby.—“Do not you give her occasion, and take my word for it she will not; she has now been long enough alone to reflect on her own conduct; and I think her understanding is too good not to amend it: if you ever hear her say you do not love her, instead of blaming, endeavour to convince her of the contrary, by behaving more kindly; the most unfeeling mind is moved by kindness; and sometimes seek her company—this will show her you have no dislike to it.”

Eliz.—“Dear mamma, why are we to favour her so much, and beg her to be good-natured?—We have too much pride for that.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Danby.—“ I am sorry to hear you say so ; she is your sister, and on that account I had rather see you sorry for her ill-nature, as you call it, than indifferent about it—that is not the case with her.”

Eliz.—“ Perhaps she has been complaining to you, mamma ; she can make her own story good at any time.”

Mrs. Danby.—“ I do not want any one to make a story for me ; I love all my children, and therefore can see which are unhappy, and which are not. I am sorry to say you have made me so : while there is not a mutual harmony between my children, I cannot be at peace : you have, indeed, disappointed my hopes.”

Mrs. Danby left the garden, and retired to her own room ; her daughters looked
one

one upon another, but they still blamed their sister ;—" she has been telling mamma some story or another," said they, and with her fine feelings has pretended we do not treat her as we ought. Elizabeth only remained silent ; at length she said, " If we were not conscious our behaviour might be misconstrued, we should not fancy Maria had complained of us.—How is it we *have* acted towards her ?—not as we do to each other, and we have made mamma unhappy by this conduct."

" Is mamma made unhappy by us ?" answered one of them ;—" Maria is as much to blame."—" Mamma unhappy !" said they all ; " I am sorry for *that* : let us go and tell her we will do so no more."

" This then," replied Elizabeth, " is a proof of what mamma says—we cannot
-1- love

love Maria as we ought ; for the moment we know mamma, whom we do love, is uncomfortable, we are anxious to make her otherwise ; while we have suffered Maria to feel uneasy for many weeks, and even thought ourselves right in not removing it."

This remark struck forcibly on the minds of all, and candidly acknowledging the justice of it ; they followed each other to their mother's apartment, and rejoiced her heart by confessing they were convinced of their error. Poor Maria had staid as long as she could with patience in the parlour, and was ascending the stairs to seek her mother, when she met her sisters returning : they did not speak, but the countenance of each expressed emotion, and Elizabeth, softened by the affection their mother had just declared for all her children,

children, falling on her sister's neck, burst into tears. Maria guessed the cause, and folding her arms around her, returned the affectionate pressure with equal warmth. All the others were affected by their agitation; and with tears in their eyes received the friendly embraces of their injured sister.

From this time they resolved no one should enjoy a pleasure without the others, if not by participation, at least in the account they would give each other of their separate amusements. As good endeavours seldom fail, need I tell my young readers these succeeded? and from the mutual affection of her family, Mrs. Danby received her greatest happiness.

THE
ADVANTAGES OF WATER.

“ Mark how th’ attentive votaries throng,
 Where she her genuine love imparts,
 And catch from her inspiring tongue
 The thirst of praise, the love of arts !”

ODE TO EDUCATION.

AS William Medwin was walking one day by the side of a river, with his father, the conversation turned upon canals.

William.—“ Pray papa, what are canals? I have heard a great deal of the benefit they are of, but I should think we did

did not want more water than we have already; I am sure we cannot walk a mile any way without seeing a river."

Mr. Medwin.—" There I believe you are mistaken, William; however, a canal is an artificial river, which you may have sometimes taken for a real one, though the difference to those who have observed both is evident, as natural streams are much more beautiful, and their banks seem clothed by nature, not by art. We have several canals in this country, which are of great utility in conveying goods from one town to another; but the most distinguished of these artificial rivers, are in the United Provinces, where they serve to drain off the water, as from that country's lying so much lower than the sea, it would be in danger of inundation. There are also many in France, but that in the Province

vince of Languedoc, and called the Royal Canal, is one of the most remarkable, as by the help of the river Garonne it unites the Mediterranean sea to the Atlantic or Western Ocean. Between that part of the river which begins to be navigable, and the Mediterranean there is a length of an hundred and twenty miles, and no water but what proceeds from little springs or rivulets."

William.—" Dear 'papa ! an hundred and twenty miles !—Why they must be all their lives in cutting through such a distance."

Mr. Medwin.—" One man's life would be nothing to such an undertaking ; but you must consider how many labourers were employed, and great were the difficulties they had to encounter ; the country through
F which

which they were to work being very irregular, and even mountainous."

William.—"How could the water go over mountains?"

Mr. Medwin.—"You shall hear. On the hill of Narouse, between Toulon and Narbonne, the two capital cities on the canal, which is six hundred miles above the surface of the sea, they began their work, and finding but one spring on this hill, they were obliged to bring water from the neighbouring mountains, by other canals cut first for that purpose."

William.—"What are those mountains called, papa?"

Mr. Medwin.—"The Pyreneans: from these also the river Garonne has its source,

by the help of a large quantity of water brought from thence: an aqueduct was formed on the top of the hill of Narouse, from which were cut two canals, one to join the river at Toulon, and the other to the port of Cette, a town seated on the bay of Maquelona, a part of the Mediterranean, and in which place the canal joins that sea. Besides, the aqueduct, formed for the purpose I tell you of, another large reservoir was made, in case the water of the canal should at any time fail; and drains were also cut to drain off the stream, should it appear in danger of being stopped by the mud."

William.—“What a number of years it must take up, papa: and you say they cut through rocks too?”

Mr. Medwin.—“Yes, considerable ones; and where the earth was of a light sandy soil, they were obliged to make stronger banks than those of earth; to build arches and bridges for it in the vallies; and to cut through mountains, or level them with the plains.”

William.—“But that great mountain you told me of, papa, the Narouse, could not be levelled?—How could they manage to make vessels go over that? I cannot think.”

Mr. Medwin.—“That is done by sluices or locks, in which the water is confined between very high walls on the sides, with strong gates at each end, that open and shut in the water. Narbonne is seventy-five miles from Tholouse, and chiefly on an ascent, as the hill I have mentioned is
nearer

nearer Tholouse than the former city.—
 We will suppose a vessel coming from
 thence to the latter place, after it has sailed
 over that part of the canal which is cut
 through the plain, it comes to one of these
 locks, within which the water, from being
 confined, is much higher than without: the
 first gates are opened, and rushing out,
 these waters mixing with the stream, forms
 a level, on which the bark gradually rises
 till it is within the lock; the lower gates
 are then shut, and the upper ones opened:
 above which the waters are still higher, till
 uniting as before, the vessel is again lifted
 up, and sails through; and in this manner
 it goes through the different locks till it
 ascends the mountain.—Do you under-
 stand me?"

—William.—“O yes, papa, very well:—What a wonderful contrivance! And is it in the same manner it descends the hill?”

Mr. Medwin.—“Exactly; only instead of rising by these sluices, the vessel is lowered by them, till it gets upon the river. I have heard there are a hundred and four of these locks or sluices, though others say a hundred and fourteen. It is said there is above forty thousand fathoms of mason’s work, belonging to this canal, besides the two arms of stone which stretch out into the sea, of two hundred fathoms each, with a pier of five hundred, which guards the port of Cette, and renders it a very safe harbour for shipping.”

William.—“What an immense expence it must have been! Do tell me, papa, in what

what King's reign it was done, and who were the contrivers of such a scheme?"

Mr. Medwin.—“It was contrived and executed by one Riquet, who spent great part of his time in laying the plan. He proposed and executed it in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth: and this great work was began in 1666, and the whole completed in 1682, in the space of sixteen years; and since that time the navigation has been carried on with considerable success and advantages; as now the merchandize, which used to be carried through the straits of Gibraltar, and round the coasts of Spain and Portugal, is conveyed through the kingdom in a much shorter time; so that the expence is inconsiderable compared to the benefit derived from it.”

William.—

William.—“Are there any other canals in France? I know there are many in Holland, but never heard of these before.”

Mr. Medwin.—“That of Briare, uniting the Loir to the Seine, is also worth remarking; for by it are conveyed the riches and productions of several provinces to Paris.”

William.—“But could not that be done as well by land?”

Mr. Medwin.—“You do not consider the great difference, both of time and expence, carrying things by water makes;—four rowing in a boat, tied on to a barge with goods, or six horses towing it along, can convey as much as eighty-four carts, with as many carters, and two hundred and fifty horses would carry in the same time.

time. The uniting the rivers Somme and the Oise by the same method, is also of great utility, as by this means all the fruitful magazines of Picardy are opened to the Parisians. Add to this the advantage it is in time of war, for having a passage through their own country. They are not obliged to be so much on the seas where they might meet with enemy's ships."

William (laughing).—"Ah, that is very convenient indeed, papa; for the French who always come off the worst in an engagement, they were very much in the right to contrive such a safe conveyance. Yet it seems to me astonishing, how any one man could form such a plan as that of the canal of Languedoc—it must be enough to immortalize his name for ever."

Mr.

Mr. Medwin.—“ To think all these works should be done by the labour and contrivance of man, is indeed wonderful; but when compared to the works of God, they are as nothing. We are fond of admiring the ingenuity of man, but view rivers of much larger extent with not half the regard we pay to the other. Do you remember what you read to me the other day of the river Rhine?”

William.—“ Yes, papa; it rises in Switzerland, and extends itself through France, Germany, and Holland, watering an infinite number of towns in its way, and mixes not with the Ocean, till it has taken a course of six hundred miles.”

Mr. Medwin.—“ This appears extraordinary to you; but the Danube rising in Germany travels fifteen hundred miles before

fore it reaches the Black Sea; receiving several large rivers in its way, and exhibiting various marks of the grandeur and magnificence of nature in its cataracts, and frequent falls of water. The Niger also waters three thousand three hundred miles of the burning desarts of Arabia; besides that of the Nile, from which alone the whole country of Egypt is fertilized; and that vast river of the Amazons, in America, at least three thousand miles in length, which at first is no more than a little rivulet at Quito in Peru, where it rises; and after taking in a number of other rivers and streams, it opens to the Atlantic Ocean, by an outlet two hundred and fifty-two miles broad, quite a sea in itself."

William.—“Dear papa! when I consider these large rivers, such little streams as we now see before us, seem of no use; and

I am

I am lost in amazement at what you tell me."

Mr. Medwin.—" These little rivulets you treat with so much disdain, are still of great use ; nor could the larger streams be supplied without them ; they all add to the common stock, and uniting with larger rivers, at length reach the sea."

William.—" But is it not strange they should be always flowing, and so rapidly too ? as some in our neighbourhood, whence can their sources be for ever supplied ?"

Mr. Medwin.—" One cause may be that these small streams, each coming from separate fountains, are easier supplied than one larger river would be, except by these streams. It is said the vapours which are continually

continually arising from the surface of all waters, being carried through the air, in the form of clouds or mists, fall again as rain or dew, by which not only those sources are recruited, but the whole earth is watered and refreshed; and we may also reckon the use even these small streams are of in turning mills of all sorts, whether by a trough or a dam, in which the river is contracted within an arch, or let in at a flood-gate, and receiving more force from being confined, it will turn a very large wheel, whose flyers are so contrived as to dip successively into the water."

William.—" And what is a trough-mill, papa?"

Mr. Medwin.—" The only difference is, the stream is collected in a tray or trough, above the wheel, and falling down upon it,

it, with a rapid motion, the wheel is turned by the water in the same manner as when the stream runs through, or under it: but these mills are thought the best, because it is proved by experiment that falling water acts more forcibly, than when running in a parallel line; therefore the greater height it falls from, the more is its force increased."

William.—"Oh, papa, what a charming thing is water!—and how serviceable! Besides, the quantity of fish you know it contains, which is the support of those poor fishermen who catch them."

Mr. Medwin.—"Very true; and it offers itself not only for our support and convenience, but ornaments our gardens, public squares, and even our apartments.—Obedient to the call of man, it follows wherever

wherever we lead—it waits but our pleasure—and it ascends in beautiful water-works, putting on a thousand shapes according to the will of the engineer, who equally knows its beauty and its use; it may be conveyed to the houses of dyers, brewers, and all other tradesmen; and in that most dreadful calamity of fire, it offers its aid as the only thing which can relieve us.”

William.—“ I could talk of water all day long.—Do, papa, tell me more of the benefits we derive from it.”

Mr. Medwin.—“ At some future time you shall read a much larger account of its advantages than I can give you in so short a conversation.—See we are very near home, and, no doubt, your mamma is look-

64 THE ADVANTAGES OF WATER.

ing out for us:—let us quicken our pace, and reserve the continuation of our subject till we have more time to discuss it.”



ON

ON THE PROVERB

*“ Cheer up, Man—God is still where
he was.”*

THIS proverb, though expressed in vulgar terms, conveys much comfort to a thinking mind. Those who are at all acquainted with history, and especially that sacred one, the Bible, must derive consolation on recollecting the frequent proofs there given us, of God's peculiar care over his people : and though in these later times, such evincing marks of his providence,

God may not think necessary. Yet "has he not left himself without witness, seeing he sendeth food, and fruitful seasons." On perusing the miracles wrought by the hands of Moses and the other prophets, (before the light of the Gospel had more clearly revealed his mercy), we might be inclined to say, with the evil men mentioned by the holy Psalmist, "God hath forsaken *us*."—"There is no help for us."—Did not the proverb I have quoted, and many other more elegant expressions, convince us of the contrary?

In that holy book which ought to contain all our comfort, we are expressly told God is immutable, unchangeable.—"As he has been their father, so will he be our's;" and with such consoling assurances, can we doubt *we* are not also under his protection? The evils we struggle with
in

in this life will be abundantly rewarded in the next. Look back to the faithful followers of Christ—where is their reward?—Not in this life.—Their heavenly master plainly told them, “in this world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.” In like manner were they to overcome it, and are now undoubtedly enjoying the reward their boundless zeal, in the service of their master, merited.

Do we not read in the Bible how many times God charged his rebellious people with sin; yet with each an encouraging promise was held forth, “if they would repent and turn unto him, their sins and iniquities should be remembered no more.” With this merciful declaration we are to remember—“God is still where he was—still what he was:—to those who trust in him

him for relief in afflictions, a supporting father; for though it may not be for our benefit (which only the infinite wisdom of God can tell) to have sufferings removed, that God who is all-powerful and unchangeable, has promised to support his faithful servants through the world; and by the influence of his Holy Spirit, which those who firmly trust in him, have never prayed for in vain. To repentant sinners, who heartily turn to him, he is a merciful judge, through the mediation of his son, our blessed Saviour;—he who came into this world to endure, for our sakes, much greater afflictions than we can ever be called to suffer, will assuredly behold our contrite hearts with merciful forgiveness; and while we have his protecting aid, to keep us from innumerable hidden dangers, which without such a divine guard, we could not escape:—let us not be dismayed

at

at a sight of those evils we are promised a patient submission to, shall not be unrewarded—if not removed from us in this life, we have but a few years to expect, and the recompence will be eternal: therefore, whatever sufferings we lament, “let us not sorrow as those who have no hope;”—whether for ourselves or others, we can rejoice in the certainty of God’s unchangeableness—and what he hath promised he will in no wise forget.”



THE
WINTER'S EVENING.

"It is wisdom to be content with our respective situations, and to balance the advantages and disadvantages of the different classes of society, will infallibly tend to make us so."

"**DEAR** mamma, how comfortable we are!" said Mary-Anne to her mother, as they were sitting one winter's evening in a warm room, with a good fire. "I wonder why any one should dislike winter;—Is not this very pleasant?"—"It is pleasant to me, my dear child," answered her mother, "to find your disposition such, as will

will make each season agreeable. In our situation it would be wrong to complain, and the blessings we enjoy, should make us feel for those who have fewer. You shall now read to me, what will convince you that our chief and permanent happiness depends on ourselves; and that no enjoyment can be found in pleasures which are selfish; therefore when we see distress, it is wrong to fly from it; for though at the moment we may feel unhappy, our endeavours to relieve it gives comfort to the sufferer, as well as satisfaction to ourselves."

Mary-Anne took the book her mother offered, and with great attention read as follows:—

"The fine lady who shivers at a breeze, even in the height of summer, knows not the miseries of winter: those she calls such are nothing—take a survey of her house—
a fire

a fire in every room—a carpet on every floor, and all the various contrivances to keep from her the least breath of air.”—

“Can she feel winter?” asked Mary-Anne—“how happy is her situation!—much more so than our’s! Just at present we are warm, but if we were to move out of this room”——“Read on,” interrupted her mother; “let not what I intended should make you happier, render you discontented. Hear how this lady enjoys the blessing she possesses—I say blessing, because it is only that of warmth she feels.”

Mary-Anne continued:—“When necessity obliges her to go out, (for such she calls an invitation to a rout or ball), her carriage is matted for her feet, her pelice is lined with wool; yet her head is dressed, and she cannot cover that, as the flowers or feathers with which it is adorned may be injured; and this is to her a source of trouble.

trouble. While her maid is dressing her, she sits as near to the fire as her looking-glass will permit, and her comforts are all forgotten. At the reflection on the inconvenience of being so much dressed, she is sure she shall take cold ; yet what can she do ?—to go into company unlike other people is absolutely shocking. Then the art of the waiting-maid is called forth, and she expatiates on the elegance and fashion always displayed by her lady in every thing she wears. This has the desired effect. The lady smiles, looks in the glass, smiles again, and hurries to the carriage, determined not to let the fear of cold prevent her from ‘ looking charmingly ; ’ which is the last and favourite compliment of her woman, who has studied her mistress’s temper, and knows flattery alone will keep her in good humour.—“ Is the lady to be envied now ? ” asked Mrs. Wilmot.—“ Ah, no,

H

mamma,”

mamma," said Mary-Anne; "if flattery only will put her in good humour, she cannot be often so; for who would take the pains to be always finding out some fancied perfection in her?"—"Many would," replied her mother; "not from a wish to please her, but that she would otherwise spoil their enjoyments by her ill-temper: her maid, for instance, she knows the only way to prevent her mistress from quarrelling with her dress, is to admire it herself. Thus you see how dependant a fine lady is.—The humour she is in is influenced by the slightest circumstance. If the meanest even of those she would wish to think beneath her notice, does not admire her, it is enough to make her dissatisfied with every thing else."—"Yet she might be happy if she would," returned Mary-Anne, after considering what her mother had said, "with so many comforts."—

forts.”—“ And even these,” resumed Mrs. Wilmot, “ only render her more dependant; she cannot leave her bed in a morning till her maid chooses, because the fire is not lighted in her chamber; nor can she go from one room to another without first ringing the bell, to know if all the doors are shut, or if the fire has been attended to; and, should either of her domestics, through carelessness or disinclination to please, neglect any one of these things, it is enough to make her miserable for the whole day.”—“ But now let us view the poor, mamma,” said Mary-Anne: “ if this lady, with all the comforts I have read of, is not happy, what must those feel who scarcely possess the necessaries of life? —I will read on.”—“ We will not follow the fine lady to her rout, but turn our eyes, where she would suppose misery ever dwelt—behold that cottage on the moor;

its outside is not promising; the thatch is in many places blown off, and the windows are broken—no shutters is necessary. The inhabitants feel too severely that there is nothing beneath their roof to tempt the robber; and from that circumstance they derive security at least. We will go nearer, and enter with the man, who has been employed perhaps some miles distant; he is just returned from his work.—Is there one face expressive of infelicity in the whole groupe?—See! the very infant lying in the lap of one a few years older—knows its father's approach, and stretches out its little hands to welcome him. The mother leaves the cloaths she was mending for her child, to prepare the table, and rouse the sleeping embers round which her children had been sitting, that her husband may have his supper comfortably. The elder girls bring from their small cupboard all its contents,

contents, little else than a brown loaf, with hard unsavoury cheese."—"Can this be comfortable?" said Mary-Anne—"Poor creatures—how I pity them."—"They are not so unhappy," observed Mrs. Wilmot, "as the lady you felt disposed to envy: you know the proverb says—'a contented mind is a continual feast;' and here you find it amply verified;—but continue."—"They feel not the wind which whistles through their broken casement; and unless it deprives them of the light afforded by their small candle, do not think of stopping it. The father kisses his little darling, who, though clad in rags, and disfigured by dirt, is by him beloved with more tenderness than many a fine lady feels for her helpless offspring. His sons now enter from their different occupations; and with cheerful countenances this united family sit down to their scanty meal; the boys

recount the labour and engagement of the day ;—one has earned six-pence, which is deposited with his very small stock, till he has gained enough to buy himself a new pair of shoes ;—another has seen his brother or sister who are out at service, and received from them a trifling mark of the affection they feel for their parents, with hearty wishes it had been more. The happy mother feels doubly grateful, and blesses Providence for giving her such affectionate children ;—without that comfort, little would they have to render life supportable ; and with it they have greater reason to rejoice than many in a more elevated situation.”—“ This makes my observation good,” said Mrs. Wilmot—“ that there is no gratification in selfish pleasures ; but let us hear more ;” and her daughter continued,—“ Let us leave these contented cottagers, and review the middle station of life,

life, where there is 'neither poverty nor riches.' Observe yonder neat house, encircled with trees—there dwells an amiable family—let us hasten to their sitting-room:—behold the mother with her children, and observe their employment—two of the girls are making clothes for the poor; another is knitting worsted stockings for an old and valued domestic; the eldest is reading to the rest.—What is the subject?—She speaks of winter—

"I crown thee, king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening knows,
How calm is my recess! and how the frost
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!"

"O mamma,

“O mamma, how pretty this is!” exclaimed Mary-Anne; “I wonder what book she is reading; how I should like to be there to hear her!”—“You may read it yourself,” answered her mother; “these extracts are from Cowper’s Task—to-morrow night I will read part of it to you; it is a charming poem.”—“But will you read it now, mamma?” interrupted Mary-Anne.—“By no means,” answered Mrs. Wilmot: “you must first finish what you are engaged in; you forget it is not my method to fly from one book to another; we would gain no advantage from that.”—“I have nearly read all there is on this subject,” said Mary-Anne; “it is concluded in the next page”—and she read on.—

“ See

“ See how the attentive listeners seem to feel the poet’s words; they draw nearer the fire, and with an affectionate smile, congratulate each other in the comforts they possess. But when their eye is cast on their work, and they recollect the state of those for whom they are working, the needle flies swiftly through their fingers, a conscious pleasure brightens in their countenances, while they determine to procure for others the blessings so thankfully enjoyed by themselves. In another hour their circle is enlarged; their father and their brothers enter; each takes a seat by the cheerful fire, and the former with pleasure views his family so laudably employed. He has brought the newspaper from a neighbouring town.

“ happy work,
Which not e’en critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention while he reads.”

When

When this "folio of four pages" has been fully discussed, the work is put away, and the supper crowns the board; a simple repast, but enjoyed by all; for health and peace of mind enabled them to find happiness in every scene. Their affectionate father listens to their playful conversation, and when he thinks they wish it changed, makes the well-known signal for the dance to begin. The table is removed, and the mother sits down to the instrument with double pleasure, because it adds to that of her children: she plays their favourite reels, and till the time of repose they trip it merrily away; while the happy father smiles to see his young ones happy, and talks of the time when he also made one in such a party. Thus ends their winter's evening, and far happier is this domestic ball, than any of the splendid entertainments dissipation can boast."

THE

THE

Folly of Romantic Friendship.

“To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellencies of others, is a much surer mark of benevolence, than to pity their calamities.”

MRS. CHAPONE.

“MAY I ask my friend to drink tea with me this afternoon, mamma?” said Emily Harley to her mother.—“Which of your friends?” asked Mrs. Harley; “for I know you have many to whom you give that title.”—“Oh, I mean my dear Eliza!” answered she—“whom else could I wish for?—all the rest are only acquaintance.”

“Friendship,

“Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.”

“Indeed you seem very poetical this afternoon,” said Mrs. Harley; “but do you think Miss Carter would like to come?” —“Oh yes, mamma! Eliza is never so happy as when with me—like true friends we *live* but in each other’s company!” —“Upon my word, you express yourself in very romantic terms,” observed her mother; “how long has this violent friendship been formed? I thought Miss Mason was the favourite.” —“Oh no! I like her very well,” returned Emily, “and she is not an unpleasant companion—but with Eliza, —my dear Eliza! I can want no other society!—Poor girl!” continued she, in a lower tone; “my heart aches for her!” —“What is that you say?” enquired Mrs. Harley; “has she any misfortune to deplore?” —

plore?"—"Oh! yes, mamma, a great many:—in the first place she has no parents."—"But her uncle," interrupted Mrs. Harley, "who is her guardian, I am sure amply supplies their place; and not being old enough to know them before their death, she cannot feel their loss, as one who had received and returned their affection."

—"Ah, mamma, you do not know the extreme sensibility of my friend! her uncle cannot be like a father—but what am I saying? Her sorrows ought not to be made public—to me only has she entrusted them!

—Forgive me, mamma; I would not hide a secret of my own from you, but those of my friend must be sacred!" Mrs. Harley was astonished at the romantic notions Emily had imbibed, and feared that, depending too much on the strength of her daughter's understanding, she had not enough discouraged these sentiments, prejudicial in

themselves, and such as would render her ridiculous among her acquaintance; and well knowing nothing is so truly laughable as an appearance of refinement, or even sensibility itself, when carried to excess, she determined to extirpate this error in one she had reason to think was otherwise a sensible girl; while Emily, pleased with the propriety she thought she had acted, both towards duty and friendship, sat earnestly waiting the permission she had asked. "I expect a friend of my own," said Mrs. Harley, with an affected seriousness; "I cannot promise that we can admit of intruders."—"Oh, mamma! we wish not to disturb you," said Emily; "Eliza can be with me, and we will sit in my own room, or in the garden, all the evening."—"But I do not know whether I shall not want you to assist me in entertaining Miss Rainsford," returned her mother.—"Dear mamma!

mamma ! me entertain her !” exclaimed Emily ; “ besides, she is your friend ; can you want any other company when she is by ? I know you love her dearly !”—“ Yes I do ; but you seem so well acquainted with the rules of friendship, that we may perhaps learn a little how to express our regard for each other : I did not before know that when we have a friend, every other person, even our dearest connection, should be given up for the sake of their society ; and that we are not to be happy but when together.”—Emily looked confused, and replied, “ I don’t exactly mean that, mamma ; but when two kindred minds meet, it is natural they should unite, as my dear Eliza has often told me.”—“ I don’t know what you mean by kindred minds,” again interrupted her mother—“ that is another expression in the vocabulary of friendship I should never have found out.

My friend and I do each other every good office we can ; but if we do not meet every day, we are not the less happy—however, you have not yet had time to prove your friendship, and therefore perhaps must make use of words—our's has stood the test of many years.”—“ And so I am sure will our's,” replied Emily, with earnestness ; “ I feel something within my heart, which tells me it will end but with our lives.” Mrs. Harley smiled, but it was more of sorrow than of ridicule. Had it not been her daughter, she might have been amused at the fine sentiments Emily uttered ; as it was, she felt more hurt at the folly of her child, than entertained by it ; but she gave her consent, and Emily ran away to write a note of invitation to her friend—and this was the answer she received :—

“ How

"HOW mortified I am, my dearest Emily, that I cannot accept your kind invitation—in your friendly bosom I could pour out my griefs, but, alas! I am not permitted to come; my aunt refuses me, and I must stay at home to finish a shirt I am making for my uncle. She says I never do any work at your house; ah no! our hours when together are happier employed. My uncle has been very cross to-day; he came home last night in very ill-humour, and my aunt seems determined to repay on me, what she suffers from his ill-temper. Ah, my dear friend! you know not how distressing it is to feel myself neglected by both. I am seldom spoken to, but to be found fault with; but I know not what I write; yet to you, my friend, I can entrust every thing—who will, I know, shew this to no

one. Let my sorrows be buried in silence, except when spoken of to you.

“Your’s, ever faithfully,

“E. CARTER.”

Mrs. Harley carelessly asked to see the note, but Emily so earnestly entreated, she would not insist on her shewing it; that though from this circumstance her curiosity was greatly raised, she would not distress her by mentioning it again. Miss Rainsford did not come till late. “I have been calling at Mrs. Carter’s,” said she: “Eliza is hard at work finishing the last of a set of shirts she is making for her uncle, and she will be generously rewarded for her work; for I saw, in the book-case, a book very elegantly bound, which she told me with pleasure was to be her’s, if she finished them to-night.”—“And I am sure she deserves

serves it," said Emily.—"Emily speaks feelingly," said Mrs. Harley; "for she asked Eliza to drink tea with her this afternoon, and she could not come because of this work, though no doubt she is now glad of it, as her friend will be entitled to a reward, which she might perhaps have lost, had she complied with her request."—

"Dear mamma, I believe Eliza would have enjoyed as much pleasure in being with me, as in the possession of an elegantly-bound book," said Emily, looking contemptuously at Miss Rainsford. Her mother was quite angry with her, yet wishing to convince her of her error, rather than by appearing to confirm her in it; she, laughing, said, "Do you not think Emily grown very romantic of late, Miss Rainsford? I hope we shall break her of it; some people would think her quite ridiculous, but you will, I hope, make allowance

allowance for her warmth of expression." In the evening they walked out, and Emily, in endeavouring to avoid a horse which was in the road, fell down, and bruised both her arm and leg very much. This accident caused an alarm, and till Mrs. Harley knew the mischief was not great, she was much frightened. Emily was assisted home, and the next morning her limbs were all so stiff, she could not move, but was obliged to sit with her leg on a chair all day. Miss Rainsford came to enquire how she was, but Eliza Carter did not; and what was more extraordinary, she received no note from her. "We are going a party to the play this evening," said Miss Rainsford to Mrs. Harley; "will you join us? It is to see 'Speed the Plough,' a very pretty comedy."—"Who is your party?" enquired Mrs. Harley.—"Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and Eliza," answered

answered she, "with Mrs. and Miss Steel." Emily listened in silent attention.—"Oh then," said she, "Eliza does not know of my accident: I thought it was impossible, if she had, that I should not have seen her."—"Yes," said Miss Rainsford, "she has heard of it, for I called there just now, about going to the play, and she said she was coming to see you."—"I do not doubt that," answered Emily, with pleasure, "if she knew of it," and presently some one rapped at the door, and her friend was announced. "My dear Emily," said she, "I am extremely sorry to see you in this situation—poor girl!—are you in great pain?" Then taking a chair, she paid no attention to the answer. "Not much," said Emily; "the sight of you, dear Eliza, revives me!"—"You are come to spend the day with me, I hope?" Here Eliza sighed; and had not Miss Rainsford taken her

her leave at that moment, and Mrs. Harley attended her to the door, she would not have known what to have said ; as she had before the former lady expressed a great pleasure at the idea of going to the play ; and here she thought it would not appear consistent with her friendship to seem pleased with any thing her friend could not partake. She sighed, and with a melancholy air said, “ No, indeed, I am not ; my uncle and aunt will insist on my going to the play to-night. — We have company to dinner also ; the lively Miss Steel is to be with us, and I am wanted at home. Her spirits are always too much for me : how much rather should I have spent this afternoon with you, my friend, and in endeavouring to amuse you ; but my uncle’s *will* you know is law.” — “ I hope, however, he is in good humour to-day,” interrupted Emily : “ sure you are not always
to

to be teased with his crossness!" Eliza sighed again.—"I assure you," said she, "I could hardly get out this morning, though I sat up last night till eleven o'clock to finish his shirts; but I wanted to ask you to lend me that beautiful locket your mamma gave you, which you shewed me the other day, to wear at the play to-night. I know your friendship will not allow you to refuse! My aunt says I *must* make myself as smart as I can, though to me a plainness of dress is most agreeable; but I comply with her commands—you will lend it me, wont you?"—"Yes," said Emily; "but I don't know whether I can get up stairs to fetch it, I am so lame."—"Let me go," said her friend; "you are not afraid to trust me with your key; your mamma is in the garden; she will not see me:" and Emily telling her the drawer it was in, she ran hastily up stairs to procure
the

the only thing which at that time could have brought her there. "Surely," thought Emily, "this alone was not what she came for—Eliza is not so devoted to dress as to make that the cause of her visit; but I am wronging my friend to suspect it!" Eliza soon returned, and delivering up the key, she shewed the locket she had taken, and promising to return it the next morning, she hastily departed, declaring if she staid longer, she feared both her uncle and aunt's displeasure.

When Mrs. Harley returned to the parlour, she was surprised to find her daughter alone. "Has your friend left you so early?" said she; "I thought, at least, she was come to spend the morning with you; I meant to have asked her to dinner."—"She could not have staid, mamma," answered Emily; "for they have company."

—“ And did you not ask her to tea !” resumed Mrs. Harley ; “ perhaps she would have given up the play for the pleasure of being with you.”—“ She cannot always do as she likes,” returns Emily, not perceiving her mother did not speak seriously ; “ but do you go to the play, mamma ?”—“ No,” said Mrs. Harley ; “ my friendship, though not so warm in expression, is too sincere to suffer me to enjoy a pleasure when you are at home alone, and in pain.”—“ Thank you, mamma,” answered Emily, a little softened ; “ but I hope you think Eliza would have done the same, had not her uncle insisted on her going to the play. I know she does not like Miss Steel,” added she, “ and therefore had there been no other reason, she would have preferred coming here.”—“ I do not think it so good a proof of the regard we feel for one friend ; to declare it by expressing our

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dislike

dislike to another," answered Mrs. Harley;
"but did not she offer you the book her
uncle had given her to amuse you?"—

"No, she never mentioned it," returned
Emily; "It is not such proofs of kindness
she wishes for—a reward for doing her
duty she does not desire."—"Does not
she?" replied her mother,—

"that is very
odd! for what else can be our motive for
doing right, if it is not the reward we feel
in the pleasure such conduct occasions?"—

"And such a reward she has, mamma,"
said Emily, with emotion; "but yet the
receiving a token of her uncle's approbation
would, I should think, be far from displeas-
ing her," observed Mrs. Harley, "parti-
cularly as she could then have offered you
amusement, though in her absence."—

"Perhaps it might not," answered Emily;
"yet very likely her uncle might not
have suffered her to lend the book."—

"That

“That is not at all probable,” answered her mother; “for Mr. Carter is a good-natured man.—Why that look, Emily?—Don’t you think so? I am very much afraid your friend has deceived you.”—“Deceived me!” repeated Emily, with astonishment; “she is not capable of it; but I have proofs that we do not all know Mr. Carter.”—“Eliza to be sure has not made that the subject of her conversation,” said Mrs. Harley, with earnestness. “My dear Emily, I fear you are not acting quite right! You have listened to the suggestions of an artful girl, who, under the semblance of friendship, may plant uneasiness in your heart! You seem to doubt my word. Were you going a road you did not know, would you enquire the way of a child, rather than of a person who had often gone that road before? Much such conduct I am afraid is your’s, my child;

you listen to Eliza's advice, who is not able to guide herself: believe all her professions of friendship, whilst the admonitions of an affectionate mother are looked upon as interested, and therefore cautiously attended to; yet every thing Eliza says, whether to complain of her own situation, or advice in regard to your's, is looked on as proofs of confidence.—How mistaken is this notion!—What interest can a mother feel greater than the happiness of her child? and to whom should a child impart her confidence but to her parents, who have lived long before her in the world, trod the paths of unwary youth, and therefore must have it more in their power to guard those who are following them, from the dangers they may meet with, than those of the same age with themselves?"—"But Eliza," said Emily, "has no father, no mother, to whom she could apply."—"Are not her uncle

uncle and aunt in that situation to her?" returned Mrs. Harley; "they have no child of their own to divide their attention, and their whole conduct to her has been that of affectionate parents. But excuse me if I think she does not enough acknowledge it; and a person who is insensible to the kindness of their relatives, can never, in my opinion, make a good friend!—Why did she not stay longer with you this morning?"—"She was afraid her uncle and aunt would be angry," answered Emily.—"She *does* deceive you then," replied her mother, "for she knew they were out all the morning, gone to fetch Mrs. and Miss Steel from the country, and had allowed her to do as she pleased with her time till their return." Emily looked distressed—"Can this be true, mamma?" said she; "then I dare say she would not have come to me at all, but for the locket!"

—I must tell you, mamma, but pray don't be angry!—I have lent her, to wear at the play to-night, that pretty locket you gave me.”—“And that you may be assured,” said her mother, “was the only motive of her visit this morning!—Not to enquire for her friend—perhaps she did not even think of your accident all the time she was here.” Emily wept, and her tears flowed from mortified disappointment to find she had been deceived by an appearance of friendship, when she had given her warmest affection. “My dear child!” said her mother, taking her hand, and tenderly kissing her, “I am sorry to give you pain by these remonstrances, but I have long observed with sorrow your attachment to a mean, artful selfish girl! Yet let it not distress you; she is found unworthy of your friendship, or that she returns it not with equal ardour; she is not capable of
feeling

feeling affection for any but herself!—Many, alas! has experienced the same trial, but you still have a friend—one who is ready to return your regard, with unaffected warmth!—a mother who loves you better than herself!” As well as she was able, Emily threw herself into her mother’s arms, and feelingly exclaimed, “Forgive me, dear mamma!—forgive me, that I have not always thought so; I am now convinced of your love for me! but had you known the art this cruel girl used, to make me think myself ill-treated even by you! and the many instances she contrived to tell me of her uncle and aunt’s ill-temper.”—“While their kindness,” interrupted Mrs. Harley, “were all forgot! my suspicions were confirmed the moment I found she had not mentioned to you the book Miss Rainsford told us of—What could be her motive for concealing it, but that

that it contradicted the opinion she wished you to form of their conduct? and what a bad mind must her's be, who could wish to depreciate those to whom she was so much obliged?"—"And what a silly idea," exclaimed Emily, "I believed was the reason! because her mind was above receiving such a recompence!—but you have convinced me, mamma, and I am almost ashamed to shew you the note I received from her yesterday; I only wonder how I could be so long blind to her arts!" Mrs. Harley read the note with evident marks of displeasure; "Ungrateful girl!" said she, "she must indeed have blinded my Emily to have made her believe, that complaining of her friends, and revealing all their domestic affairs, a proof of confidence!—And are these the expressions of friendship you used to each other?—Believe me the language of truth is less studied: I would
much

much
much

much sooner disbelieve such professions than the plain protestations of nature.”—

“I am ashamed of having ever been deceived by them, mamma,” said Emily;

“but I never can see her again.”—“Do not say so, my child,” said her mother;

“*that* expression is too violent the other way—behave to her with civility, and instead of listening to her professions, seem not to expect them; if really attached to you, she could not feel so little for your interest, as to endeavour at making you dissatisfied with my treatment of you. *Had* she seen any want of affection in me, a true friend would have concealed it from you, as much as it was in her power. She is, you say, to return your locket to-morrow, but she may forget it, as it was only her own convenience which brought her here this morning. Should any pleasanter engagement be thought of for to-morrow, an

excuse

excuse can easily be found to impose on you: her uncle or aunt would not let her come, and you are again to be told of their ill-humour as a mark of her confidence.”—

“Pray talk no more about it, mamma,” said Emily; “I am sufficiently mortified.”

The next morning it was as Mrs. Harley had said:—Mr. Carter made a party on the water, and Eliza could not find time to see her friend all that day, or even to return the locket with a *note*. Miss Rainsford called again on her mother, and gave them an entertaining account of the play, and Emily, though still confined to the house, did not perceive the hours pass away, as her mother did every thing in her power to amuse her. “A few days ago,” thought Emily; “and I should have been unhappy at Eliza’s indifference, but I can now treat it as it deserves, and in the society of mamma wish for no other.” The next

day

day she was well enough to go out, and accompanied her mother to Mrs. Carter's. Eliza blushed as she entered the room, but advancing to meet her, expressed great pleasure at seeing her out again. Emily thanked her, and while her mamma was conversing with Mrs. Carter, asked for the locket. "I am quite ashamed of having kept it so long," said Eliza, in a low voice; "but you know I am not at liberty to come out when I please; I will get it immediately." Emily could scarcely restrain an answer expressive of resentment, till Eliza ran out of the room, and at her return was followed by Miss Steel, when Emily discovered this young lady had been staying with her false friend since the night of the play. She received the locket not with the secrecy Eliza wished to deliver it, though unperceived by her aunt, who asked her "if she had shewn Miss Harley
her

her last new book?"—"Oh dear no!" said Eliza; "I had quite forgot she had not seen it;" and taking it from the book-case, she expatiated greatly on the kindness of her uncle in giving it; and Emily thought her more contemptible than ever. Whilst she was looking it over, Eliza whispered, "she must excuse her, if she left the room, as Miss Steel was waiting for her to go out with her—"to one's company," added she, "we must be civil, but with friends no ceremony is necessary;" and rising from her seat, she told her visitor "she was ready to attend her."—"By no means," said Miss Steel; "I will not take you from your friend; I am in no hurry." This was another proof of Eliza's duplicity; but Mrs. Harley perceiving Emily wanted no farther conviction of her friend's indifference, without seeming to have heard what Miss Steel said, arose to take

leave, and Emily never left the house with such pleasure. When in the street; she again congratulated herself, on having discovered a selfish spirit is not capable of friendship. She thanked her mother for having taken the trouble of pointing out her error, and determined, for the future, to trust alone in the judgment of one whom she had experienced was so well able to direct her.



ON CORAL.

"He who examines nothing, can discover nothing."

CHARLES.—"What is that red thing my little sister is playing with, mamma? It looks as if you could almost see through it!"

Mrs. Harlowe.—"You would say transparent; but it is coral you are enquiring about.—Have not you heard it called by that name?"

Charles.—

Charles.—“ Oh, yes; but I want to know where it comes from?—It is very pretty.”

Mrs. Harlowe.—“ It grows in the sea, hanging on rocks, and is a plant which is said to bear flowers; though when out of its proper element, they immediately close, and in a manner wither away: it is of a very hard and stony nature, and gets still more so when out of the water; and its bark will take a very fine polish, as you see this has. There are three sorts of coral; white, red, and black; the red is the most common, though thought very valuable.”

Charles.—“ Why then does my sister have it? It can be of no use to her.”

Mrs. Harlowe.—“ I don't know that it is; but it has been an old custom for babies

to have something of this sort to help them in cutting their teeth, and coral is supposed to have more effect this way than any thing else; and though this is not my opinion, as you have often seen me put a crust of bread into her hand for that purpose, I let her use it, because her godmother gave it her."

Charles.—" But how can it be got at, mamma, if it grows under the water?"

Mrs. Harlowe.—" Not very easily, and yet without the difficulty fishing for pearls occasion; for *these* men are obliged to dive, but for the coral they send down large baskets or nets, with bags. I have before told you it grows on rocks, and on those parts which project in the sea, and always with its head or top downward. The men therefore place the boat on the edge of the rock,

rock, on which they imagine coral may be found, and let down by a long-rope, two poles put crossways, with something in the middle, of an heavy weight, to keep it steady ; and to either end of each piece of wood they fasten a net, holding the string in their hands ; they keep it as near the rock as they can, and by continually moving it backwards and forwards, the branches of the coral get entangled in the net, and are brought up with them, as by the men's pulling above they are broken off. To some of these poles they have a bag, which being placed under the coral, and then raised a little, drags it off along with it. After being polished, it becomes as you see ; and beads for necklaces are often made of it, besides many other things abroad, where it is more in use :—but here it being a great rarity, it is looked upon as too valuable to use on common occasions ;

though the hardness of its nature prevents its being hurt, after receiving a polish."

Charles.—"You talked of pearls, mamma—were those pearls you shewed me the other evening, when you were dressed so fine, and was going out? and you tied some round your neck."

Mrs. Harlowe.—"Yes, they were; and they likewise are very valuable."

Charles.—"Do they grow on rocks too?"

Mrs. Harlowe.—"They are found at the bottom of the mother-of-pearl, which is a sort of shell-fish, and sometimes within the fish itself; they are occasioned by the running over of the juice of which the fish is first formed; and are continually

continually enlarged, by the drops constantly distilling from this liquor. This is the reason why pearls are of such a different size and form;—of the shell itself is made the pretty toothpick-case you have so often admired of your father's; and the little box you have seen me use for lip-salve, and the fish and counters with which we play at cards, and is called mother-of-pearl, because in them the pearls are found, though they are sometimes found in oysters, but not often; nor are they of the same value."

Charles.—"Is it very hard to get these fish, mamma?"

Mrs. Harlowe.—"It is thought a dangerous employment, which makes them of still more value. You know shell-fish cannot be caught with hook or line, and are generally in too open a part of the sea,
for

for a net to be of any use ; therefore there are men called divers, who go under the water for them."

Charles.—" What, mamma ! under the water ? then they must be drowned."

Mrs. Harlowe.—" Were they to remain long they would ; but great care is taken to pull them up again, as they are let down in what are called diving-bells ; and, holding their breath all the time, they catch up what they can during the short time they stay in so perilous a situation, till they are drawn up into the boat again, and their places are taken by others."

Charles.—" Dear ! how I should like to go down ! it must be so pleasant to see all the sea-weeds and the coral, and the fish playing about !"

Mrs.

Mrs. Harlowe.—“ Many people have the same idea ; but how should you like to see a fish darting towards you, large enough to swallow you down at a mouthful ?”

Charles.—“ Oh, mamma ! there are no such fish as that ; you are only joking with me.”

Mrs. Harlowe.—“ I assure you I am not ; the shark is of the size I mention ; the divers are often destroyed by this fish ; and there are many others equally destructive.—Have not you read of them in your history of fishes ?”

Charles.—“ Yes, mamma ; but I did not think there were any large enough to swallow a man, except the whale, and that you know I have read of in the Bible ; who swallowed poor Jonah, and cast him up again

again alive. But hark, I hear papa; he is calling me to take a walk; I will talk to him about what you have told me, mamma; and I hope, when you come home, you will tell me more; for I want to know every thing."

Mrs. Harlowe.—"That is right; little boys should be desirous of instruction, as then they are able to inform others; but your-papa can tell you more than I can—ask him as you are walking."



NATIVE

NATIVE GENEROSITY.

“Whoever wearies himself with striking those who dare not strike again, will be easily beaten when he meets those who dare oppose him.”

AS I was walking one fine summer's evening, a rural grotesque seat on the bank of a river which gently murmured by me, attracted my notice, and I determined to avail myself of the rest it seemed to offer. On approaching nearer, I discovered the following inscription written on its back :—
“Here may rest the weary passenger, and if not dead to the charms of nature, the beauties of the surrounding landscape will quickly

quickly make him forget the languor a long walk may have occasioned." I looked around me, to see if the writing spoke truth, and readily perceived the observation verified. True it is, that the spreading bounties of our kind Creator is, to a grateful heart, the most exhilarating prospect. Before me stretched a variety of woods and lawns, fields of waving corn, and cattle grazing in others; while the boundary of the whole was the sea, where the sails alone of the ships which floated on its surface were visible to the naked eye. On the right hand the downs spread their bosom to the setting sun, whose parting rays added a momentary beauty to the scene: the clouds above and below this glorious orb were flaming red, and on the opposite side of the firmament appeared the moon, as if waiting the departure of this her source of light, to shine forth in borrowed lustre, lending her aid

aid to add to the majesty of heaven, in the absence of her superior. "Kind and bountiful is the author of nature," said I; "what blessings hath he not bestowed on us his creatures!—Here I behold the fields spread with pasture, not only for our support, but of the meanest insect that lives; yet man, unmindful of his care, which shews itself equally on the provision he has made for them, as well as for us, crushes these insects under his feet, lifts 'the murdering tube' against the birds which delight his ear, and

"—— with the thoughtless innocence of pow'r
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er warn'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace
Amid the beamings of the gentle day!"

For their entertainment the innocent hare
is scared from her quiet retreat; and though

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God

God has allowed her a share of our corn, man begrudges even its scanty refuse! Why does he not follow the dictates of his maker?—Why not endeavour to be perfect as he is perfect? But far from that are our endeavours, when the animal who has toiled for us all day, is released from his labour, it seldom finds so comfortable a resting-place as this seat has afforded me! While I was reflecting in this manner, I heard the voice of a child as in great distress, whose screams drew my attention, and I immediately rose to go to its relief. At no great distance I found a little ragged boy, crying violently, whom another, much older than himself, had been beating severely; but the consciousness of his cruelty made him run away, while the poor child came to me for assistance. “Oh!” said he, “my brother has beat me so very much—pray beat him again.”—“That I will,”

will," exclaimed I, "for he deserves it." Enraged at seeing the love of oppression reigning in the heart of one so young, "to beat his brother!" continued I—"and such a little boy too!—one whom he ought to protect!" and I quickened my pace, that I might overtake and punish him; but he was out of sight, and I found it impossible to trace his footsteps. My young companion, like myself, was weary from the exercise of the day, and though desirous of revenge, agreed to my proposal of giving up the pursuit. "Tell me," said I, "where you live, and I will certainly come and punish your brother as he deserves?—Is he often so cruel to you?"—"He is very ill-natured and cross," answered the innocent child, "both to Jack and I; he won't let me ride, but always rides himself."—"And who is poor Jack," said I—"another brother?"—"No!" re-

turned he, with simplicity; "Jack is our ass; he carries all the brooms that father makes about to be sold, and I and brother goes with *him*; and sometimes when he has got such a load, as high as this," holding his hands above his head, "brother will get up on top of it."—"And do you always walk by the side?" said I.—"Yes," answered he, "because I loves Jack; and when brother says I might ride along with *he*, I don't like to it, because I thinks it will make it heavier for him; but when the brooms *be* sold, and brother will let me, I do get up then."—"And what was your brother beating you for now?" I enquired.—"Because I asked him not to ride to-morrow till the brooms was sold," returned he; "for poor Jack has got a lame leg." I was quite delighted with this artless child, and found, by his unstudied answers to the questions I put to him, that his
mother

mother was dead, and his father a poor labourer, who, in his leisure hours followed the trade of broom-making, which it was his own and his brother's occupation to carry round the neighbourhood. The evening began to close, and after again promising to see him the next day, either at his own house, or the place we had now met in, I dismissed my little new-found friend, giving him a few halfpence, and a strict charge to continue his kindness to Jack. I returned home, ruminating on the instance I had just witnessed—a proof that my former reflections were just. “It is the nature of man to be cruel,” thought I—“one boy beats another, and that his brother, merely because he has the power!—so is it through the world;—a man sees his fellow-creature despised by one higher than himself, and instead of raising him from his humiliating situation, endeavours to depress

him still lower. "Yet what am I going to do?" said I, continuing my soliloquy, "to punish one who has never done *me* an injury! Is not this a species of cruelty? Though it appears revenging the ills of one who cannot help himself: may it not proceed from the cause I have mentioned? What right have I to punish another?" I went to sleep uneasy, and not quite satisfied with myself, and the next morning determined to go to the cottage, and there enquire more into the matter: "by talking to the boy," said I, "I may do more good than by beating him; he may never have been told the duties of his station; it is not always untaught nature appears as in his brother, of a good and humane disposition." When I got near the cottage the little boy had told me of, I perceived him running out to meet me. "Do not beat my brother," said he, as soon as he reached me; and

and taking my hand, he added, in a lower voice, "he has been very good this morning, and father says we should never bear malice."—"You are a good boy," said I, charmed with the generosity of the child; "and your father a good man."—"But will you promise not to beat my brother?" continued he.—"Certainly not," I answered; "I am much more pleased that you do not desire it; but is he sorry for what he has done?"—"Yes, I am sure he is," replied the little fellow; "for when I offered him half of what you gave me yesterday, he said 'No;' and looked as if he thought he did not deserve it."—"But did he say so?" asked I.—"No; what occasion is there for that?" answered the generous child; "I had rather he shou'dn't: for to be sure he would not like to tell me so."—"What a noble boy!" thought I; "this is, indeed, true generosity!" Still he seemed unwilling

unwilling I should enter the cottage. "Father is not at home," said he, "and brother will be *frighted* to see you—he will think you are come to *pay* him for his beating me:—I forgive him, and so do you; but don't go in now," continued he. I knew not how to refuse the tender solicitations of the child, and again giving him a little money, as a tribute due for the pleasure he had given me, I left him grateful to heaven for the lesson of forgiveness, it had afforded me, even from a child!



ON THE PROVERB

*“ Evil Communications corrupt good
Manners.”*

THE heart of man cannot attend to many things at once : what is before the eye is in general the only thing thought of. When alone man seems determined to act right ; he thinks it easy to keep in the path of virtue ; yet no sooner does he mix with the world, than causes for error arise : he is bewildered in the various opinions he hears from his companions ; or, without consideration, plunges into those very faults he had,

had, when alone, determined to avoid. Does he promise himself pleasure derived from his friend ? That friend may not be disposed to enjoy the same ; and though he had in retirement determined to bear a disappointment with unconcern !—though he knows it to be a trifle not worth his pursuit ! The delay of the amusement he expected, incapacitates him from deriving satisfaction in any other employment ! Thus does his behaviour shew few men have that ascendancy over their own minds, as to regulate their passions by the rule of reason. Yet each is ready to acknowledge even the highest pursuits of this life, are trifles not worth contending for. In great and important concerns a wise man seldom acts improperly ; but in the lesser actions of the day, the trivial accidents which are continually occurring, the instability of our nature is clearly seen ; we know not if we shall like

to do, the next minute, what we wish to do this!—Well has a celebrated author said, “What a piece of work is man!—how noble in reason!—how infinite in faculties!—In form and moving how express and admirable!—in action, how like an angel!—in apprehension, how like a god!”

And yet a philosopher who could make this observation—who could form just rules of conduct—let but a single disappointment intervene, and all his reasoning is insufficient to prevent his feeling it!”—

Often has this observation been made, and no doubt by many, who have said, “it shall not be so with me,” but “evil communications corrupt good manners;” or, in other words, we are too apt to adopt the ideas and sentiments of those around us, rather than take the trouble of forming our own opinions. It is true we contemplate on what is right; yet we see another ex-

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press a dislike to some particular person, and without knowing why, we imbibe the same objection, though at the same time we are ready to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong for so doing.

Were we as quick to follow the example of our friends in their good actions—were we as well inclined to imitate what was estimable in their conduct, the proverb above-mentioned would not be so much in use; but the force of example is never known till it is tried; and that of a good person, I am sorry to say, seldom appears compared with the “evil communications” I have alluded to; for even one whose conduct may be taken as a pattern in things of consequence, in trifling circumstances, are too often proofs of the weakness of our nature. Many are the arguments used to convince us that our lives are made up of trifles,

trifles, and few are the circumstances in a man's life wherein the more violent passions are to be subdued, whereas peevishness, vanity, envy, fretfulness, and all the variety of petty faults are every day making incursions, and scarce an hour passes without an opportunity of shewing our good humour, even in the meanest concern;—"a soft answer turneth away wrath," and a disposition easily pleased generally finds its pleasures in the gratification of others. No man can be vain of his abilities, if he considers how easily his good resolutions fail him; the falling of a stick, or the hasty shutting of a door, is enough to make him forget the promise he had given himself, of not being affected by trifles; and though one may more easily recover himself than another, yet even they, upon finding how little mastery they have over their passions, are nearly drawn again into

the same error. Such is man ! liable to err from the most trivial circumstances—yet capable of conducting himself through the most difficult ! Yet am I far from saying, it is better to forsake the society of others than to be in continual apprehension of acting improperly through their means : without a temptation to evil, there is no merit in avoiding it ; a negative goodness ought not to be the height of our emulation ; neither are we to put ourselves in the way of evil, purposely that we may have the credit of resisting it ; but active virtue we are alone taught to expect a recompence for. The proverb I have chosen, like many others, should be constantly in our minds ; for in the words of the much-admired Dr. Knox, “ proverbs are so easily retained in the memory, that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young mind more effectually than more formal

formal and elegant sentences." "He who converses with nobody knows nothing:" neither is there any one so mean, but from whom you may learn something, by forbearing to speak when angry, and by overlooking the slight causes of vexation so often met with in our journey through life: we shall much sooner gain the command of ourselves, than by keeping in our closets, and forming good resolutions—though both in their turns are right.



THE
RAMBLES OF A DAY.

“ Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
My mountain, meadow, streamlet grove or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health and peace, and contemplation dwell!”

SMOLLET.

ONE fine morning in June, Mary and Charlotte Merton, whom I have before introduced to my readers, and their sisters Lucy and Emma, with two of the Miss Rivers', who were then staying with them, sat off on the long-talked-of ramble; each carried something which might contribute
either

either to the amusement or comfort of the day; and though they had nothing but bread and cheese in their bags of provision, they all fancied with delight the pleasure there would be in eating it under the hedges, or in some of the charming retreats they were about to visit. Little Emma carried the cup out of which they were to drink, and they hoped often to replenish it, at some of the many springs of water which were continually flowing in that neighbourhood. Each of the Miss Rivers' carried books and work, that none might want employment, and Charlotte added to her package pencil and paper, for she wished to attempt copying some of the beautiful objects she expected to meet with. After taking an early breakfast, they left the house in high spirits, and never was there an happier party; the burdens they carried seemed light, and they thought it impos-

sible they should ever find them otherwise.

"We shall rest so often," said Mary, "and walk so slow, that we shall have quite time to admire all the improvements Sir William Longman has made in his grounds; but Charlotte," added she, "you lag already!—are you tired so soon?"—

"I hope not," answered Charlotte, with a smile; "I was admiring that nice old-fashioned house—see how the low wall before the windows is covered with white and red roses, and the grape-vine is growing up the front; how comfortable it looks!"

—"I forgot," continued Mary, "that if we walk with Charlotte, we must expect many stops of this kind, for she never suffers herself to pass any thing without observation, and if worthy notice, generally calls our attention to it likewise."—"And for *that*," said Miss Rivers, "I think we are very much obliged to her, as many of

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us are such idle wanderers, that we should not make half the improvement such a walk ought to afford us, or even see all the beauties her quick observation introduces us to."—"I cannot help noticing all I see," said Charlotte, "and make you do the same, but you must comfort yourselves if I draw your attention to things not worth it, with recollecting, it prevents your being tired so soon as you otherwise would, if you walked carelessly on. When we were out before," continued she, "no flowers except the primrose and the violet appeared—now the greatest variety are seen; and as I have heard not a flower grows in vain, nor are the hedges dressed so gaily to be passed unnoticed by—I cannot help admiring them.

"For uninstrusive shall the scene
Unfold its charms in vain;
The fallow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain or the plain.

Each

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to its fall;
Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
In wisdom's ear shall call!"

"With such an excellent memory, Charlotte," said Miss Rivers, "you can make an application to every thing you see, if only for this reason, therefore, it is pleasant to walk with you. How pretty the hills look," added she, "as they are partially seen over the fields; the sun spreading over their green sides, while their utmost extent is lost in the blue 'mist.'"—"The hay-makers also," said her sister, "are at work in many of the fields; the labourers returning from their breakfast are hastily pursuing their several employments, though already they have been engaged in the same way for many hours!"—"And the birds," observed Mary, who now overtook

took them, "are not quite so melodious as when we were out before. They have now other employments, though not a few are still warbling in the trees, which adorn the hedges, but the little humming bees, if possible, are busier than when their industrious murmurs first attracted our attention. What a lovely morning!—See how the young ones skip on before us.—Was it not as Cowper says—'Youth repairs his wasted spirits quickly, by long toil, incurring short fatigue,' they could not support the exercise they use." Little Emma came jumping back to thank her sisters for allowing her to accompany them. "It was very good of you, indeed," said she, "and I don't know how to thank you enough; but I will carry the cup for you all the way, and take care not to break it, too," added she; "I am sure I shall never be tired."—"Dear child!" said Mary; "her unaffected

unaffected pleasure reminds me of a little piece of poetry I have seen, called ‘Youth and Age.’ I can only repeat the two first verses, but at the end the comparison is melancholy, that at present may as well be forgotten.—Nothing of that sort should arise to damp our present happiness.

“With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

“He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees, and all he hears,
But only gives delight!”

“The situation we are now in,” continued she, “would be delightful for our resting-place, were it not the public road—see what a charming prospect is spread before us, and the white-washed ale-house,
with

with the seat under that spreading tree, puts me in mind of some of the sweet descriptions in our favourite Dr. Goldsmith's animating poem, 'The Deserted Village.'—"I have it with me," said Miss Rivers, "and will read it when we get to our seat; but I know the part you mean—shall I repeat it?"—"Yes, do, do!" was the answer of all her companions; and she readily complied.

"Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown ale inspir'd,
Where greybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the neatly sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door.
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day:

The

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney glisten'd in a row!"

"No doubt," said Mary, "but the parlour of the house we have just past, is as nicely ornamented as the one you have described. Those cottages, too, on the common, we could find a likeness for them in the poem you have just quoted. But let us quit the road, and in this little green lane, we shall be amply recompenced for the loss of the prospect, by the delicious fragrance of the wild roses and honeysuckles with which it is hung.—See Lucy and Emma are stripping the hedges already."—"Thoughtless girls!" observed Charlotte; "they forget how soon they lose their charms!—Is it not strange,"
continued

continued she, "we none of us can see a flower without wishing to gather it? and yet we know the beauty they possess while on their stem, cannot continue when gathered; for though they fade too soon uncropt, their odour and their colours fly still quicker when taken from their parent earth! How is this to be accounted for?"—"It must be the desire we have of possessing whatever we see beautiful," said Miss Rivers; "and if we do not place the flowers we meet with in our path, they are quickly passed, and their beauties forgotten, but by gathering them, we at least enjoy their sweets while they last, and to us, if not gathered, they would be lost long before."—"See," said Emma, running towards them, "how many pretty flowers I have got! I will carry them home to mamma: the thorns have pricked my fingers, but do not mind that; for I have heard my sister

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say,

say, 'there is no rose without a thorn;' but will Miss Rivers tell me the names of all these little things I have gathered?—they are very pretty."—"When we sit down," said Miss Rivers, "I shall be glad to tell you—but run to your sister—see her frock is entangled in the bushes."—"This lane does but lead us to the fields," said Mary, who had walked on before them, and returned, "we are already come to the fields of green waving corn we so much admired from the road; and the cottages behind us look to still greater advantage from hence.—Pray observe over every gate on one side of us—what pretty sketches of the park are seen, while on the other a boundless prospect opens to our view!"—"Every step we advance," said Charlotte, "the country seems more beautiful, and more cultivated! we cannot here," added she, addressing herself to her sister, "as in our
last

last walk, fancy ourselves in a desert place ;
' a dreary waste expanded to the skies,'
where our road lay ' through tangled fo-
rests, and through dangerous ways.'

*" Here all around the gentlest breezes stray—
Here gentle music melts on every spray !"*

Every thing bespeaks inhabitants, and the various little hamlets scattered over the plain; the spreading woods and rising copses every minute appearing to the sight, baffles all description."—" But what pretty place are we coming to now !" said Lucy—" what a pretty shrubbery !"—" It is wild, yet beautiful," continued Charlotte ; " where art has so well copied nature, that it does not appear the work of man. This almost trackless path leads to a rural summer-house, just at the brow of the hill."—" Oh, here is the seat !" exclaimed Emma,

who had as usual skipped on before her sisters; "make haste and come to it," cried she; "it is so beautiful!—and such a pretty chair!—and such delightful honey-suckles and roses!—Dear! dear! I could stay here all day!" The whole party joined in Emma's admiration; and seating themselves, some on the grass, others on the seats the house afforded, their transports were renewed on more accurately examining the prospect before them. "We may thank the owner of the mansion below us," said Mary, "for our present accommodation:—how pretty his house and garden, which seems to smile with never-fading beauty.—Look from hence—there, too, is the village church, and the neat parsonage house, whose garden is not outshone by that of his richer neighbour:—to the left the long range of downs are the boundaries of our view, while under them
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are seen more peaceful villages, whose humble spires alone mark their situation. The river glides with sweet transparency through the rich meadows at the bottom of the hill; and the cattle which are grazing on its banks, with the hay-makers at a distance, add greatly to the picturesque scene."

—"Look at the dark avenue of firs," said Charlotte, "opposite the house, rising in awful majesty to crown the whole:—we must go thither, and in the wood beyond there are other seats, and other beauties, which claim our admiration."—"Sure never was so charming a place as this!" said Miss Rivers;—"how wild, and yet how pretty the heath and furze are suffered to grow! while every shrub seems planted by the hand of nature;—even the brown uncultivated commons we see from hence, are not unpleasing; the roads winding over them often attract our eye, while a passing

carriage or horse is on them; yet their distance from us is so great, they are scarcely discernible. Here also we may hear the gentle murmurs of a water-fall, when the quiet we now enjoy is not interrupted by the 'ringing teams,' which now and then pass a nearer road. But we must not spend our time entirely in observation," added she; "let us have some other employment."—"I must call my young ones to order," said Mary; "for unless Lucy and Emma have something to do, they will not sit long enough to rest themselves sufficiently to encounter a longer walk; besides, we have been promised a part of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and I shall not like to be disappointed." All the party now assembled, and taking their work, listened with great pleasure to Miss Rivers as she read the whole of that charming poem; after which, Mary finding the company

pany still inclined to attend, read a few extracts from the "Landscape," a poem, by Knight, which she thought not unexpressive of their situation.

"I will read more," said she, "when we get to the wood; it will be still more appropriate there; but it is now time to think of eating." Some of the party then went to a neighbouring spring for water, and opening their bags of provision, the napkin was spread on the ground, and never did they taste any thing so good.—

"Such excellent bread—such delicious cheese," and the water was the best they had ever drank!—Such power has external circumstances over the human mind, which from localities its impressions takes. When they had finished their nunchion, they wandered through the shrubbery, unwilling to leave so sweet a spot: from every opening

ing new beauties met their eye;—from one place the cottages looked prettier than any where else—and at another the bridge over the river, and the surrounding scenery made such a pretty landscape, that Charlotte begged them to wait till she had sketched it; and while she was thus employed, Miss Rivers told her young companions the names of the numerous plants they had gathered in their way, and as far as she could, in so short a time, instructed them in their various tribes and qualities. “My dear Emma,” said Mary, perceiving her very attentive, “do you not remember part of the hymn I taught you the other day? and does not these flowers remind you of it?—‘Every leaf is of a different form—every plant hath a separate inhabitant.—Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden
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in the green path :—the hand of man hath not planted them !—“ Oh, sister ! I can say it all !” cried the little prattler, “ and if Miss Rivers will give me leave, I will repeat it now :” which she did, with great accuracy, and very good expression ; and though repeated by a child, and in the simplest language, the truths Mrs. Barbauld has so impressively delineated in that charming hymn, spoke feelingly to the hearts of her auditors, and all were ready to acknowledge the charms of nature more beautiful when considered as the work of God ! They continued their walk by crossing a bridge, which went over the waterfall at the bottom of the hill, passing through part of the garden : but here they made no stay, scarcely stopping to admire the flowers which were glowing in the conservatory. “ In the winter,” said Miss Rivers ; “ I might be tempted to wish for admittance

admittance to this charming place, but while I see the hedges covered with such beautiful roses, as we have gathered to-day, I am able to pass these without envying the owner." Crossing the road in the front of the house, they entered the avenue we have before mentioned. "What a solemnity these high trees give to the scene," said Charlotte; "their shade seems to cast a gloom over all our countenances, and the Ivy with which they are entwined, still adds to their awful appearance, as it bespeaks their antiquity; yet between their branches the prospect is charming!"—"And we shall soon lose the melancholy aspect they occasion," said Mary; "for see the end appears, and this road seems to have a very different effect.—Here we may, if we please, fancy ourselves all wood-nymphs in this light and airy walk." By a circular walk they were led to a neatly thatched

thatched room; its roof was supported by rustic pillars, round which were placed the eglantine and woodbine, and clinging to their support their full-blown flowers, formed a lovely contrast to the brown and knotty sides they covered; several shrubs were growing all around, without the appearance of regularity, and the place looked like Arcadia itself; while the view of the downs, the common, with the nearer fields and meadows, filled their hearts with rapture. "We may not object to leaving this place, pretty as it is," observed Charlotte, after setting some time, "because other seats, and other beautiful prospects are to be visited in this wood. At every opening the views are delightful, and seats are placed in various situations, that the passers-by may rest themselves, while their eyes are wandering all around. These shady walks are charming in the heat of
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the day ; in some, the branches meet over our heads, where the birds sit and sing, feeling no inconvenience from the meridian sun.”—“ Now and then,” said Miss Rivers, “ we catch a glimpse of the stream below, while we hear the rippling of the water, as it is continually meeting with slight interruption in its course.”—“ But here,” interrupted her sister, “ is an arbour opening the other way—pray let us sit here awhile.—How lovely the park looks from hence ! and the seat where we spent the last hour ! Every way it is beautiful ; and though the objects we see are nearly the same we have admired before, yet appearing in a new point of view, they are still seen with pleasure.—The cottages, for instance—how pretty they looked from the thatched room, indistinctly seen through the trees !”—“ Did you notice them ?” said Charlotte, smiling ; “ I had so often called

called your attention that way, that I feared to tire you with the sight; yet I thought them beautiful myself; but we must shew you what, in my opinion, is still the prettiest seat of all—follow me!" By a narrow winding path she led them to another covered arbour, on the opposite side of the wood, and "perched like an eagle's nest on high," it seemed on the brink of a precipice, a railing was placed around the front, to prevent their falling down the dizzy height, which sloped down to the river, covered with bushes, and the sweet briar diffusing fragrance all around.— "What a sweet place!"—burst from every mouth,— "and coming so unexpectedly upon us!—it is quite charming!" Charlotte enjoyed their surprize so agreeable to them, and flattering to herself, as this had always been her favourite spot.— "You see the river here to advantage," said she,

“as you can trace its windings through the fertile meadows; and the mill, it seems, placed on purpose to add to the beauty of the view! the clack of which breaks pleasingly on the quietness of the scene.—Look at the rural bridges placed across the water, in different places, and the church of the neighbouring village—all seem to be intentionally fixed as pleasing objects from this seat; whilst the downs spreading beyond our sight. On each side are the boundaries of the whole. “We are now,” said Mary, “exactly in the centre of the wood, which, if you observe, is in a half circular form; consequently, we see the trees on each side of us, spreading to the ends, and forming a leafy screen.” Here she was interrupted by Lucy and Emma, who had gathered some wild strawberries in their way, and now begged them to partake of them. This unexpected treat was
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an additional pleasure, and unwilling to leave so sweet a shade, they determined to make this their second resting-place: they accordingly took out their work, and Mary fulfilled her promise of reading more of the "Landscape," which corresponded with their situation. From another seat the mill alone was seen, and the falling of the water over its wheel looked like a natural cascade. "As we look back," said Miss Rivers, "the cottages again appear; for the wood being as you describe, each end looks pretty from the other, and the views are more clearly seen." On leaving the wood they crossed a wooden bridge, over a rocky lane. "Here is a bridge without water, I declare!" said Emma: "I never saw such a pretty lane! and look at the cows which are feeding on the grass on each side."—"This," said Charlotte, "is like the lane we met with in our former

walk—don't you remember it, sister?"—"Perfectly," answered Mary; "and if this leads to equal beauties, I had rather be under the bridge than over it; for never did I see a more beautiful prospect than that lane led us to—but let us see what these fields will afford us."—"In time," said Emma, "they will give us corn; for it seems growing very fast." They smiled at Emma's skill in husbandry, but at present there being more to gratify the eye than the taste, though they acknowledge a field of wheat no unpleasant addition to the charming prospect which presented itself to their view, when they were off the bridge. "Here the other side of the country claims our attention," said Charlotte—"the park, and another range of downs! but we must keep in the path to the left," continued she, "and shall soon come to a still more extensive prospect than any we have

have seen to-day." In the next field they stopped again to look around them: the top of Sir William Longman's house appeared peeping over the trees, and the dark avenue seemed to tower above the wood they had left. "No noise is heard here," said Miss Rivers—"not the light-winged flies, which are humming in the air, and the gentle winds just agitating the branches. Here and there a farm-house is seen, surrounded with their barns and stores, or as we look forward nothing but the common appears. It is now three o'clock, and very hot:—had we not better wait under the first shady hedge we can find, till the evening is a little farther advanced, before we encounter the fatigue of crossing that heath? and I think we could all eat a little more. I should like to take out our provisions again for the sake of drinking, could we find a spring, as I am very thirsty."

They all approved of this plan, and on quitting the field, discovered a running brook, and near it a shady tree. None objected to make this their resting-place: the cloth was again spread, and they refreshed themselves with some of the clear water which murmured at their feet, and again ate of the bread and cheese which had appeared so good when first they opened their provisions: the cheese was wrapped in vine-leaves, and enough of that remained, but the bread, they began to fear, would not last them for another meal; they divided it between them, and every mouthful they took reminded them of the wretchedness the poor must feel, when thus disposing of their last morsel among a parcel of half-starved children, without knowing how they should be able to procure another: "For though it may not be so with us," continued Charlotte, "as
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we have money in our pockets, which will at least supply our wants for to-day, yet I know not if it will be of use; for when on the wild common we are entering, can we find houses to purchase provisions? Poor creatures!—they may scarcely have enough for themselves!—but we will not despair,” added she, seeing the younger ones beginning to look melancholy, “on the other side of the heath, I remember a neat cottage, where, I dare say, we can get a piece of bread, and we must make up for our present necessity, by eating more when we are at home:—let us eat our present stock, without fear, ‘enjoy the present while you may,’ is the maxim for to-day; and we must not neglect it.—See, you have already a little peep of the prospect you are to expect when on the common. At four o’clock we will quit this place, and by six shall reach the plantation close to
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the cottage I have mentioned:—there we can enjoy another hour's rest, and still reach home before nine, which is not late at this time of the year. "In the mean time," said Mary, "I will beg Miss Rivers to read a few papers from the Spectator; I know she has a volume with her." The whole party joined in the request, and taking their work, listened with pleasure to the Vision of Mirza, and some of the charming essays of Addison, that first of moral writers. At the appointed time they recommenced their travels; each declaring they were not at all tired, and were amply repaid for the length of their travels, by the delightful views the common afforded them; the prospect was the same they had seen from the wood, but much more extensive, and the wood itself added to its beauty. "They love the country, and none else, who seek, for their own
sakes,

sakes, its silence and its shade," so says Cowper, continued Charlotte, "and may we not say the same?—What else could induce us to come here?—and are we not recompenced?" added she, looking delightfully around her; "let him who scorn it starve deservedly at home!" They all felt the pleasure she expressed; and though they could not catch her enthusiasm, each declared they would not but have come for the world." They continued their course over this heath, till crossing a lane, and through a small copse, they came to another nearer home,

"where cultur'd fields,
And fountains gush, and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray, a world within itself
Disdaining all assault."

"The evening is delightful," said Mary;
"it would be a pity to go home while it is

so pleasant;—let us go to the cottage Charlotte tells us of, and then take our last rural meal in that plantation, which looks so invitingly pleasant.” The woman was very civil, but seemed much surprized at their request, till they told her the reason. “What, you ladies want a bit of bread!” cried she; “I should never have thought it! but you have been out all day, and a pleasant day you have had, I dares to say.—I am sure I have not seen so many people in my cottage, no not for this many a year.”—“Do you live alone?” enquired Charlotte.—“No, Miss, thank God! My husband is alive; he is gone to hay-making, and I should have gone too, if it had not been for the child—she’s up stairs asleep, or else you should see her, ladies; for she’s a pretty creature, though I says it myself.” This was her conversation while cutting them a great piece of bread from her

her brown loaf; but when they offered her money, she looked unwilling to be paid. "Dear heart!" said she, "I don't know how to take it, yet bread is so *surprizing* dear, that 'tis hard to get it, or I'm sure if I could afford it, I'd give it to yewith all my heart!" They thanked her for her good-nature, and after wishing her a good night, made the best of their way to the plantation, near which was some excellent water; of this they drank, and once more enjoyed their repast. "The smell of these firs is not unpleasant," said Charlotte, "and their shade is delightful! but Lucy has been exploring some of the inward recesses of this wood.—What have you found?" asked she, seeing her returning. "There is quite an amphitheatre in the middle," said Lucy, "if it was but cleared of the bushes which cover the ground, it would be a charming place: before you
1 leave

leave this you must go and see it, but at present I am tired, and should like to rest a little." Their books and work were again produced, and Mary closed their reading with other extracts from the "Landscape;" and after visiting the place Lucy had discovered, which fully answered her description, they bent their course towards home. Their road lay on a descent, and the prospect before them like those they had seen. The whole of that day was cultivated nature.

"Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day, the shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train
In all their pomp ascend his setting throne!"

At each gate they passed in the lane,
through which the path lay, they stopped to
admire the beautiful glow the last rays of
the sun seemed to throw on all around, the
lengthening

lengthening shadows, and the soft swells of the distant hills were now more distinctly seen. On crossing some fields, the little town they had left in the morning appeared to their view, and the smoking chimneys reminded them, that though a ramble of this sort was sometimes pleasant,—“home—sweet home,” is always welcome. “What a romantic spot this is,” said Mary, as they left the last field, and came near a high bank, at the foot of which the river they had crossed in the morning glided silently along, and its clear stream reflected the neat house, which stood a little above. “It is a rugged road down this bank,” said Charlotte; “but I think when we reach the river’s brink, it is pleasanter to walk through the meadow home than down this dirty lane.”—“Oh, let us go,” said they all; “it looks so pretty; and that hanging wood on the other side—how beautifully it is
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reflected on the water!"—"We are again in the grounds of Sir William Longman," said Charlotte: "the house we have been admiring is the residence of his steward; and on the other side of the hill is the seat we were at this morning; and what a round we have been since! are you not tired?—Emma, I believe, is; for this is the first time she has been behind us."—"No indeed, sister, I am not," answered the little girl; "but I never was so far from home in all my life before. I am thinking how much I shall have to tell mamma, when I get home."—"Don't you think you must defer it till to-morrow morning?" said Miss Rivers; "I think you will want to go to bed before you have got through half the story."—"But if I don't tell her to-night," replied Emma, "will you promise not to be behind hand with me? at least I must shew her how much

much work I have done—hemmed this pocket-handkerchief all round!” It wanted a little of nine when they arrived at home, and the tea was placed on the table as they entered the house. Their mother had waited for them, and began to feel uneasy, lest their long walk should hurt them; but when she heard of the pleasure they had enjoyed, and saw the unfatigued looks of her young rambler, she forgot her fears, and almost wished she could have joined them. Emma could not help telling a little of what she should have to relate the next morning; but on her mamma’s promising to hear it all then, she went to bed, after drinking two or three cups of tea, as much delighted with their expedition as her companions, who all declared “they never spent a pleasanter day;” the evening was concluded in talking of their excursion,

sion, and they all retired to rest, determined to dream of the adventures of the day.



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THE BEGGARS.

“ They’re na sa wretched as ye think,
 Tho’ constantly on poverty’s poorlith’s brink ;
 They’re sa accustom’d to the sight,
 The view on’t gies them little fright !”

BURNS.

AN old man and woman, who had travelled all day on foot, and had exerted all their arts of persuasion to induce the few passengers they met with in their road, to give them alms, through solitary heaths and lonely lanes, at last came to a village, in which were many good houses ; and where, by telling a

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melancholy tale, partly true, and partly made for the occasion, they obtained enough to buy them a comfortable supper. At a large house which stood near the middle of the village, with the windows all thrown open, they observed some company preparing to drink their tea; the urn and tea-cups smoked on the board, and the bread and butter stood on the table. This sight so refreshing to the old and weary couple, who had scarcely ate any thing all day, raised their hopes, and in a humble tone they begged "one halfpenny, for God's sake." The party were all young, and chiefly ladies elegantly dressed: their clothes were in the height of the fashion, yet that of the poor woman's attracted their attention—her hat was certainly not so fashionable as their's, though perhaps made of the same materials; it was a very high-crowned straw one, and tied on, not with ribbon,

ribbon, but with packthread. The original colour of her petticoat could not be told; it was patched with so many different pieces, which, though it shewed her industry, only excited their mirth; and over all she wore a man's old coat, with the skirts cut off. This they called an elegant spencer; and though a blush of resentment flushed her cheek, she only cast her eyes upon her clothes, and again petitioned for relief. The man's attire, though not quite so remarkable, caused equal laughter in the gentlemen; and many were the sprightly remarks made upon the poor petitioners, who waited some time in hopes that, when their jokes were over, they should gain the more for being the object of them. Such had often been their case, and if paid for the entertainment they afforded, they were content; but they did not now find it so. Each of the party thought that something
still

still smarter might be said, and in trying to excel each other in what they called wit, they lost the opportunity of being charitable; for after standing some time at the window, not finding the relief they hoped, the old couple took their way to the end of the village; but they were soon followed by a footman, whom they had observed waiting on the kind gentlefolks, as they were termed even by these poor creatures, who had not experienced any thing from them which merited that title. The man soon overtook them, and offering them a few halfpence, asked how far they had come that day. My readers will naturally suppose, that the young party no sooner perceived the poor people gone, than they recollected, it was cruel to insult those who humbly implored their bounty, and therefore sent the servant after them, with this small recompense. I am sorry to say they

they were too much engrossed by themselves to think of others, and when they saw the window unoccupied, the footman only felt that concern which ought to have belonged to the company he was serving, as they had partly increased the distress they laughed at. "We have walked a great way," said the woman, "but we are now going to rest,—a comfortable fire, and a pot of porridge will make us forget our trouble."—"A hearty sailor as I was once," said the man, "I will not mind the want of a meal now and then, though on board a ship I wanted for nothing; it was my own fault I left it, and therefore, though I am poor, you shall never hear me complain:—we fare as well as our neighbours, and after a few more rambles, I trust I shall meet with some kind heart, which will afford me shelter in my latter days, and heaven will bless you for this
act

act of charity." The footman left them wondering they should be so thankful for a few halfpence, "when I," thought he, "have plenty of victuals and drink, and cloaths to wear, and yet am hardly satisfied with my condition." When they reached the end of the village, the old woman put up three sticks, to which she hung their little pot, and lighted a fire under it, which soon blazed, and its cheerful light was reflected on the happy faces of the contented pair, who seated themselves by it. "Oh, there are some beggars!" said a little girl to her mother, as they were returning from their walk:—"look, mamma—what are they about?" said she; "I am half afraid of them."—"You have no reason," returned the lady; "they appear very quiet and comfortable, though both the man and woman seem old; they seem determined to enjoy themselves."

—"But

—“But suppose they should ask us for money?” enquired the young lady.—“I have a penny in my pocket, which you may give them if they do,” answered her mamma; “and I dare say they will be very thankful for it.”—“It is getting very dark, and no one is coming,” observed the little girl, looking fearfully around her.—“But we are very near home,” returned the lady, “and I see no cause for alarm.—Look how chearfully the fire blazes—the pot will soon boil. I declare it seems such an happy party, I could almost wish to join it.”—“Join it, mamma!” exclaimed the little girl—“what, sit down with beggars! I have heard so much of the mischief they do, that I hate the very sight of them.”—“You have, I hope, my dear,” resumed her mother, “gone equally beyond your meaning in saying so, as I did, when I said I should like to join their party; I
only

only meant to say, they looked more comfortable than many more splendid suppers, where the vexations arising perhaps from less interesting causes, than these poor people have for troubles, spread discontent and ill-humour round the table: like you, I believe many of the common beggars are unworthy of the little they gain, and in general it must be owned, they are a lazy set of people; yet some may want employment, which you know even amongst our own poor, cannot always be obtained." As she finished speaking, they were perceived by the old man, who in a tone of good-humour cried, "God bless ye, my dear ladies, give us a halfpenny to buy a little salt to our porridge—you see it is almost ready." The lady gave a penny to her daughter, and bade her carry it to him; but it was with unwillingness she complied, and hardly would she give herself
time

time to put it in the hand of the poor man, before she tripped back to her mother. "Heavens bless your sweet face!" said he; "you need not be afraid of us, my good young lady; we are thankful for what we can get, and if we gets nothing, we tries to be content."—"We have balls and cabbage-nets to sell—would ye please to buy, my lady?" said the old woman, advancing with her basket; but the lady refused to purchase their little bargains, and wishing them a good night, walked on, receiving an hundred blessings for being so good-natured. "Is it not better," said she to her daughter, who kept still close to her side, "by giving a penny to a poor beggar, even though they should be unworthy of it, to gain their civility, than by refusing what we can very well spare, lose the opportunity of assisting those who may deserve it? Though the blessings this poor

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man uttered were perhaps words of course, yet it is pleasanter to hear such expressions, than accuse oneself of want of charity; for though the pitiable stories we often hear from these poor creatures may not all be true, we are not certain they are not so; and if, by giving them a little, we prevent their taking what is not their own. It is a pleasing reflection that we have relieved their immediate wants, and perhaps may have kept them from committing a crime, in stealing what their poverty might tempt to take as a scanty relief to their necessity. We can also enjoy our own comforts more, when we know we have added even a little to those of other people."

THE
EFFORTS OF REASON.

“ Establish unto thyself principles of action, and see that thou ever act according unto them.”

OECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

“ **AND** must we leave this sweet place?” said Caroline Montford to her father, as they took their usual walk round some fields, near their country residence, rendered more dear to her by the time’s approaching when they were to leave it. Mr. Montfort was now growing old, and having but one daughter, for whom he had

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acquired a very handsome fortune with reputation, he determined to quit the line of business he was in, and by residing in a neighbouring town, endeavour to form acquaintances, that should sweeten the cares of age, and add to the happiness of his daughter : but Caroline was of that age, when the country seems the residence of happiness, peace, and content ; she knew not any other pleasure than what could be gained from a walk with her father, and in relieving the wants of their poor neighbours ; a dog, a cat, and five or six birds, were her principal companions, and either of them would come at her call, appear delighted with her notice, and if one was likely to become too great a favourite, the innocent tricks of the others to attract her attention, made her feel herself of consequence, and she would instantly make *them* so. “ You tell me,” continued she to her father, “ I shall

shall have more companions where we are going;—can I have a more faithful one than Pompey?” she added, pointing to her dog, who was frisking on before.—“Fear not, my dear child,” answered her father,—“a good heart will make friends wherever it is found, but you must not expect every person’s sentiments to be like your own; and, as far as it is innocent, endeavour to conform to their ways; as to be singular generally excites contempt in those who are not intimately acquainted with you, and pity in those who are; as though they may love and admire you, your true friends will wish to see your conduct equally approved by all who know you.”—“But I had rather live to myself,” answered Caroline; “I care not what the world says of me; I know my own heart—I know I mean to do right by every body.”—“Remember, if you live to yourself, as

it is called," interrupted her father, "what opportunities you miss, of rendering life agreeable to others; and the time will come, when you can no longer make it so to yourself;—then, my dear child, the solace of a friend is a sure resource!—one with whom you have travelled the road of life, who knows your virtues, and will allow for your errors.—Do you think I should feel so happy as I now do, were it not for the friendship of Mr. Raymond? to be more in his society, will amply recompense me for leaving the country, where so many of my days have been spent; yet none so happily as those sweetened by his presence."—"If Mr. Raymond had had a daughter," said Caroline, "we should have been brought up together—then she would have been my friend, and I should have found the same pleasure in her company, that you do in her father's: but

but now to go to a strange place, to make new acquaintances who do not care for me, and will only make ill-natured remarks upon my dress and manners, my dear father must and will allow is very unpleasant.”—

“Why should you form such an opinion of the people you are going amongst,” replied Mr. Montfort, “as to suppose dress and manners alone the object of their attention? will their’s be so to you, when first you meet them?”—“No; I think I shall look in their faces,” answered Caroline, “and there endeavour to read what they think of me; if I see an inclination to pride, or a sneering stare, I know I shall wish myself in this peaceful retreat again.”

—“You will not, perhaps, be able to discover what they think of you at first sight,” said her father; “for most likely they will not know themselves—a first introduction is as awkward for one party as for the other,
but

but it is necessary, or how can an acquaintance be formed without this ceremony?"—

"Sure it would be time enough when I want society to make acquaintances," returned Caroline: "my company cannot be desirable to them."—"It certainly will not be so," answered her father, "if you do not endeavour to convince them you mean to add to their pleasures, by a wish to shew their society is agreeable to you, as well before you feel yourself at a loss for amusement when alone, as when you come to grow older, and find the employments of your youth no longer afford you the same satisfaction.—Consider such is my case; and if I had not made a few acquaintances in my youth, could I now expect to find those whom I like, willing to form a friendship with an old man, who has nothing to recommend him more than that he is an acquaintance of some years' standing?"

standing? You think, perhaps, that you shall be a very different old woman—such a one as every body will be desirous of knowing—whose conversation will be entertaining both to the young and old;—but, believe me, unless you gain a little knowledge by a personal acquaintance with the world, the opinion you have formed of it from books will never be a right one.”

Caroline considered of what her father had said; and though too tenacious of her own opinion to agree entirely with him, she concluded it would be wrong to dissent; and seeing how much his mind was fixed on their removal, determined not to object to it, and therefore answered—“It may be true, dear father, what you say; and I will endeavour to think all my new acquaintances agreeable, if that is the way to make them think me so; but indeed I have not the vanity to imagine my society will be
pleasanter

pleasanter as an old woman, than it is at present.—Look at Pompey—how happy he is: I wonder how he will like the change which is so soon to take place.”—“Not better than his mistress at first, I dare say,” answered Mr. Montfort; who, though he felt hurt at his daughter’s unwillingness to join in his ideas, loved her too well to be angry, particularly when as now she talked of endeavouring to be pleased; “but after a time,” continued he, “he will also make new acquaintances, who will render it agreeable.”—“May I take my cat, and my birds too?” asked Caroline—“and may I have my garden as full of flowers, as it is here?”—“Every thing the same, my dear child,” said her delighted father, “and whatever I can do to make the change less irksome to you.”—“Irksome!” exclaimed Caroline—“can any place be so, when I have so good a father!

father! I am not half grateful enough," continued she, her eyes swimming in tears, "for the happiness I enjoy, if I do not think every change which is to give him pleasure, delightful."—"I live but for you, my child," said Mr. Montfort, with emotion; "and while you are so amiable, cannot be unhappy.—Let us reflect on what is for the advantage of both with pleasure, and still enjoy the present scene, without anticipating future evil." When they returned from their walk, Caroline fed her birds with double pleasure; and while they returned their grateful thanks, in the artless notes of happiness, thought with pleasure of having them with her in the town, till she saw Mr. Raymond approaching the house with a young lady under his arm. This unexpected visitor caused some alarm, and she ran to tell her father, who was coming. "What shall I do?" said she, —"how

—“how could Mr. Raymond bring one whom I had never seen?”—“I think it very kind of him,” said Mr. Montfort; you will now become acquainted with her before you go into her neighbourhood; for I dare say she is an inhabitant of the town we are to live in.—Do not look so frightened, my child; go and order tea, and then come and welcome your guests.” Caroline did as her father desired, and returned to the parlour time enough to see her company enter the gate, which led to the house. “Let us go and meet them,” said Mr. Montfort; and taking his daughter’s arm, they met their friends in the walk. “I have brought Miss Montfort, a visitor,” said Mr. Raymond, with good humour,—“let me introduce Miss Cecil to you, my dear Caroline,” added he; “I can assure you she is a great favourite of mine.” The ladies curtsied, and Caroline, hardly

hardly speaking to be heard, said, "she was very glad to see her." They all returned to the house, where Mr. Raymond succeeded so well, in talking to the new companions, that they soon became acquainted, and Caroline ventured to accompany her young visitor round the garden alone. "This is a sweet place," said Miss Cecil; "I cannot ask you, if you regret leaving it, but the garden you will have in town is almost as large as this—have you seen it?"—"No," said Caroline; "I am ashamed to say I have behaved very wrong about it: my father wished me to go and see it with him, but I was so averse to leaving this favourite residence, that I determined not to like any thing, or even endeavour to approve the change."—"You are very candid to say so," returned Miss Cecil; "but I hope you will not find it so disagreeable as you expect; I am sure

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I shall be very fortunate in having such a neighbour; for do you know we live the very next door to you." Caroline expressed herself very happy to hear it; "And if all the young ladies were like you," continued she, "I should not so much mind coming into town."—"You have heard but an indifferent character of us, I am afraid," interrupted Miss Cecil, smiling; "but I hope, when better acquainted, you will allow us some merit; at least that of being desirous of rendering the town agreeable to you." Caroline, after conversing two or three hours with Miss Cecil, began to wish she had been acquainted with her before, and felt almost as angry with Mr. Raymond, for not bringing her in his former visits, as she was at first disposed to chide him for suffering her to accompany him then; and when their visitors were gone, she talked
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with chearfulness of seeing her again, till the servant who attended her, finding her young mistress more reconciled to leaving the country than she wished her to be, tried to persuade her otherwise, as in the village she had lived so long, Ruth was become a great personage; and she liked not to give up the consequence she had gained, by being able to distribute her young lady's bounty, nearly as she liked: for Caroline, though possessed of a good understanding, had all her life been so accustomed to consult her own pleasure, and had found all about her ready to contribute to it; that though she had been told it was right to give to the poor, and was very willing to relieve all she was told of, yet she wanted a proper instructor, and one who would have accompanied her to the house of woe, and taught her there were other griefs than want of money;

which, though she might not be able to cure, the voice of comfort might relieve.— From wanting such a friend, she did not think it necessary to do more, than by giving Ruth money to distribute where it was wanted, to procure for them the comforts they required; and unaccustomed to the sight of trouble, she knew not any of the miseries of life; the change that was now going to be made in her situation, was the only grief that had ever vexed her. “And are you content to go, Miss?” said Ruth, “and leave all these beautiful fields and downs, and you must be stuffed up in the house, and hardly ever get any air, and lose all that sweet colour you have at present in your cheeks. I am sure my dear young lady will be ill.”—“Never fear, Ruth,” answered Caroline; “we are to have a garden nearly as large as this, and I may walk in that as much as I please. I like

like Miss Cecil very much indeed," continued she; "I hope we shall be intimate, and while my dear father is so good to me, I ought to consent to his wishes without a murmur."—"And what will all the poor do without you, Miss?" said Ruth, unwillingly hearing the last sentence; "I am sure some of them must starve when you are gone."—"I hope not," answered Caroline; "I believe there are others that will do them as much good as I have—you do not think I am their only friend?"—"The only one in the village," answered Ruth.—Ah! my dear young lady, you might be a queen here if you would."—"Do not talk so," answered Caroline, whose good sense suggested to her such notions were not what she ought to indulge; "if you wish to make me proud, you must raise my opinion of myself in some other way, than by my consequence.

To know I am doing right in giving up my own satisfaction for my father's will, gives me more pleasure than in being queen of this village, if by adding to the comforts of my subjects, I should neglect the happiness of my father." Ruth, finding her scheme did not answer, and a little abashed by this reproof, left the room, declaring "her young lady was so good, she ought to be happy every where;" and so she was; for Caroline could not but perceive the pleasure with which her father listened to the plans she laid out for the ensuing winter; and when the time came for them to leave the country, she rejoiced in his commendation of the readiness with which she prepared to bid adieu to the place she was so fond of; and in the society of Miss Cecil, (who after their first introduction, frequently visited her), and that of the young ladies she became acquainted

quainted with through her, Caroline enjoyed more satisfaction than she could possibly have felt, had her father continued in the country against his inclination; and Mr. Montfort had no cause to regret the constant indulgence he had ever shewn his daughter, when he found she did not wish to make a wrong use of it: but had not Caroline exerted the reason she was blessed with, her own life, and that of her father, would have been made uneasy, through the very means taken to render it otherwise.

INSTRUCTIVE CONVERSATION

BETWEEN A

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

“LOOK, Adolphus,” said Matilda Beaumont to her brother; “see what a beautiful white satin petticoat my aunt Barret has sent me against the ball! I dare say the little Princess of Wales has not a *nicer one*.—Oh, how Miss Covet will *envy me*, when she sees how *fine I am!*”

“*Envy you, indeed!*” replied Adolphus: “a great thing to *envy you for*, truly!—

truly !—Why, my dear Matilda, all your finery comes from nothing but the inside of an unfortunate little caterpillar, which was deprived of its own existence for the sake of making you that elegant petticoat, which seems to make you fancy yourself so much an object of Miss Covet's *envy*."

" 'Tis no such thing, Sir," retorted Matilda, colouring with resentment, at the idea of her brother supposing her capable of being accessory to the death of an inoffensive insect for the sake of appearing *fine* at a dancing-master's ball ; " but that is always the way you are serving me, Adolphus, whenever I appear pleased either with any thing mamma buys, or aunt gives me."

" It is very unkind of you, Matilda, to make such an unjust observation," replied Adolphus, taking his sister tenderly by the hand ;

hand; "but though I love you better than all the world, except my parents, I cannot be quite blind to *little failings*; and think you daily grow more fond of dress and finery; and though it can't be called a *crime*, it certainly in time becomes a *fault*: besides, my love, there are nearly five years between us, and when I differ from you in opinion, it is not for the sake of *contradiction*, but to impart the little knowledge I have gained."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Beaumont, who, perceiving the traces of dissatisfaction on Matilda's countenance, solicitously enquired into the occasion of it, and upon receiving no reply to the interrogation, informed Matilda, that after having experienced so convincing a proof of her aunt's affection and generosity, she had expected
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to have seen her face dressed in smiles and good-humour, instead of being clouded with vexation and discontent.

“ And so it was, mamma,” replied Matilda, “ until Adolphus *tried to vex me*; but he is always finding out some faults, or else contriving to put me out of conceit with what appears to give me pleasure; and now he says that beautiful satin coat is nothing but the *nasty inside* of an insect, and that it was killed on purpose to make me look fine.”

“ Not merely to make *you* look *fine*, Matilda,” said Mrs. Beaumont, “ but to contribute to the *finery* of your whole sex; but as Providence has bountifully created them for the purpose of ministering both to the comforts and conveniencies of life, it is neither to the disgrace of reason, nor
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the shame of humanity, that they should be employed in the direction they were benevolently designed : yet when we consider that our most elegant ornaments are absolutely derived from the entrails of an insect, it must surely lessen pride and destroy arrogance ; and instead of your being *put out of conceit*, as you term it, by your brother's intelligence, you ought to have felt grateful to him for imparting it ; and I know not whether most to condemn your *ill-humour* or *want of information*. Your dislike to study, and fondness for play, is now become a source of serious uneasiness to me ; and were it not for the unceasing attention the delicate state of your father's health requires, my whole time would be devoted to the improvement of your mind ; for though I am convinced that your governess pays an equal attention to you with the rest of her young pupils, I am
often

often shocked at the conviction I receive of your ignorance."

"Indeed, mamma," replied Matilda, "I will endeavour to take more pains, and never give you reason to be displeased with me in future, if you will be so kind as to tell me how it is *possible* silk can be made from the inside of a caterpillar; for I am sure the gardener does not know how, or he would not destroy so many, but save them to make clothes for all his children."

"The caterpillars which the gardener necessarily destroys, and those from which your coat is made, are of a different species: the one was formed as nourishment for birds, and from the other we derive both ornament and comfort."

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“ But, mamma,” continued the still doubting child, “ how can the silk grow in the silk-worm’s stomach ?”

“ It does not *grow* in the stomach, my dear Matilda,” replied Mrs. Beaumont ; “ but Providence has so ordered the form of that little insect, that, by forcing the glutinous contents of a small bag contained in its stomach, through the pores of a cartilage under its mouth, resembling a reed, it loses its natural consistency, and acquires the appearance of a piece of thread, or silk ; and as this silk is capable of being drawn to an astonishing length, the creature, after undergoing a variety of shapes, twists it round its body, until it resembles a mere lifeless ball ; when those who understand the management of silk-worms, throw them into a basin of warm water, and by that means are enabled to loosen
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the texture, discover the end, and begin winding the silk upon the reels that are prepared for this purpose."

"And what becomes of the poor little silk-worm?" said Matilda: "does it turn into a butterfly? for I recollect, mamma, last summer, when Miss Covet and I were catching them, you told us they had once been caterpillars."

"No, my beloved girl," replied the amiable parent; "the warm water which assists the power of *art*, is *destructive* to the principle of *nature*; and instead of assisting their endeavours to burst the fetters which confine them, it totally destroys the seeds of life; but when we consider the variety of hands that derive employment from the natural exertions of this little insect, we are as easily reconciled to the ne-

cessity of its destruction, as we are to the death of a sheep, a bullock, or a calf."

"I am much obliged to you indeed, mamma; and if Adolphus had told me all that you have done, I should not have been so vexed at what he said: but do inform me how it is possible for a caterpillar ever to become a butterfly."

"When you are old enough, my dear Matilda, to become a student in the school of natural history, you will find your admiration continually excited, though your judgment may not be convinced; for the more our minds are enlightened by the power of science, the more thoroughly are we convinced of the darkness which is suspended over the mental faculties, and of the immense distinction there is between the greatness of our Creator, and the insignificance

nificance of his creatures! But what we cannot perfectly comprehend, we ought in reverence to admire; and what we find too great for our conception, not attempt presumptuously to explore.

“ Though the body of the caterpillar is admirably constructed for the purposes of enabling it to supply its wants, its state of existence is very transient; the limbs last but a short period, and the creeping worm is soon metamorphosed into a beautiful creature, taking its flight through the regions of ether.

“ The caterpillar, after having satiated its appetite with the luxuries of the garden, and, during the spring, having frequently changed its coat, ceases to take in farther sustenance, and forms to itself a kind of house, in which it ends its pristine state,

state, and bursts again into a fresh existence. This house, or covering, which is called a chrysalis, is filled with a kind of fluid resembling milk, which sustains the little prisoner, until it acquires sufficient vigour to force a passage through it. The head, which was always turned towards the thinnest part of the shell, first appears, the horns lengthen by degrees, the wings expand; and, anxious to explore the unknown region, it lightly skims the thin ethereal surface."

"Oh mamma!" said the delighted child, "if I had been a caterpillar, how glad I should have been when I was turned into a butterfly!"

"You will, I trust, my love, undergo a change, more calculated to impress your soul with joy, than that which you imagine

gine so delightful. This earthly frame, entombed within the grave, may not inaptly be compared to the chrysalis state of the caterpillar ; and its sudden change into so beautiful a form, to the spirit's elevation from mortality !"



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